

WORTH COVE (Illustrated).
AGRICULTURAL CRISIS.

OCT 9 1923

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

COUNTRY LIFE

TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

COL. LIV. No. 1395.

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1923.

Published Weekly, PRICE ONE SHILLING.
Subscription Price, per annum, post free,
Inland, 65/- Canadian, 60/- Foreign, 80/-.

The luxury "Viyella"
of a nightdress
or pyjama suit of

(REGD TRADE MARK)

*is a delight
the laundry
cannot alter.*



SNUG and cosy from the moment it greets the skin, this lovely unshrinkable fine twill flannel is never irritant or stuffy even when the night turns warm. Your Shirtmaker or Draper can supply "Viyella" nightwear.

Always see name "Viyella" on selvedge or in garment. Patterns if desired from Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd., 151, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C.1.

REMOVALS

Shoobreds are thoroughly equipped to carry out removals of furniture and valuables anywhere in Town, Country and abroad. A staff of experienced men is at your service.

WAREHOUSING in specially constructed Depositories and Strong Rooms, most conveniently situated in Central London.
ESTIMATES AND EXPERT ADVICE FREE

SHOOLBREDS

JAMES SHOOLBRED & CO., LTD.
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W. 1.

IT PAYS TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR SKIN

Beauty of feature is not everything. A fine, clear skin wins the admiration of everybody. Skin needs nourishment just as the body does, and

BEETHAMS
La-rola

(As Pre-War)

is the ideal emollient for preserving and refreshing the complexion after exposure to Sun and Wind. Use it regularly on face, neck and hands, night and morning, to be sure of having a fair, fresh appearance. Bottles, 1/6, of all Chemists and Stores.

If your complexion be too pale, try "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM"—it's lovely, 1/-
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham Spa, England

WHITELEY'S
for
Re-decoration
ELECTRIC LIGHTING
AND
CENTRAL HEATING

Wm. WHITELEY LTD., Queen's Rd., London, W. 2.

PARIPAN



BY APPOINTMENT

Dull, or with Gloss sublime
Endures like a rock in ev'ry clime
True British paint, no rival it brooks

"The More You Wash it, the Better it Looks"

When it is a
question of
roofing—the
answer is always

Illustrated Booklet and Particulars on Application to Dept. B.

"ROK"
ROOFING



A "RED HAND"

PRODUCT

D. ANDERSON & SON, Ltd.
(Also makers of "Sidol" wood preservative),
Park Road Works, Stretford, Manchester,
Roach Road Works, Old Ford, London, E.3
And at Belfast.

Education

Girls' School.

LINDORES SCHOOL
BEXHILL-ON-SEA

PRINCIPAL ... MISS L. A. FREEMAN.
Boarders only received.

Co-education.

ROCKLANDS, HASTINGS
Co-Educational Home School, actually on coast, but 300ft. above sea; sea views and air all windows; open-air school. Modern educational methods by highly qualified staff. Daily rambles. Excellent library. Two nurseries. Central heating. Complete charge taken of children of officers and others on foreign service. Moderate fees—Address, *Principal*.

Special Training.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON

Principal ERNEST BARKER, M.A., D.Litt., LL.D.
Special Prospectuses are issued for the following Faculties, in which full provision is made for Courses for the Degrees of the University of London, as well as University and College Diplomas:
FACULTY OF ARTS.—General Subjects in Day and Evening Classes; Evening School of English; School of Slavonic Studies (Russian, German, Czechoslovakian); School of Spanish Studies; Department of Journalism.
FACULTY OF NATURAL SCIENCE.—General Subjects in Day and Evening Classes.
FACULTY OF MEDICAL SCIENCE, including Dental Course.
Valuable Scholarships and Prizes are awarded on the results of examinations held annually, and there are Facilities are afforded for Students desirous of proceeding to Graduate or Research Work.
Students' Hostels:—(Theological), Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1. For other Faculties:—The Platanes, Champion Hill S.E.8. Women's Hostel:—58, Queensborough Terrace, Bayswater.
For further information apply to S. T. SHOVELTON, M.A., Secretary, Strand, W.C.2.

A Sound Progressive Commercial Position for your Son



The Courses include:

Secretarial Practice

Accountancy

Shipping, Importing and Exporting

General Commercial Training

Advertising and Sales Management

Languages

etc.

DEFINITE BUSINESS CAREER

The training, which is all undertaken by men of business, includes lectures, demonstrations, visits to outside firms, debates, private conferences with the Principal, and provides a complete practical education in modern business practice. Special attention is given to the development of business character and acumen, and, if desired, good progressive positions are found upon completion.

Brochure and full particulars of training from

The Secretary,

THE LONDON COLLEGE OF COMMERCE,
26a, BEDFORD ROW, W.C.1.

Principal: WALLACE ATTWOOD

Where to Stay

WORCESTERSHIRE—"BELL HALL"

Near Belbroughton and Bromsgrove (in park-lands of 200 acres). Birmingham 14 miles. Droitwich 9 miles. Late the residence of General the Rt. Hon. Sir Neville Lyttelton, G.C.B. Transformed into a refined Residential Private Hotel, an ideal resort for rest and change. Run on the lines of a gentleman's country establishment; home farm produce; near first-class golf courses; good trout and coarse fishing on the estate; hunting, two packs; fine lawns; excellent garage accommodation. — Illustrated booklet on application to the Resident Manageress. Postal address, via Stourbridge.

SPREADEAGLE HOTEL, THAME
Distinguished for its Beauty, Comfort, Food and Wine. Lawn Tennis. Picturesque town and country. Listed R.A.C. & A.A. JOHN FOTHERGILL

NOW READY.
PUTTING. By Jack White
Freshly Illustrated. 4/6 net; by post 4/10
Published at the offices of "COUNTRY LIFE," Ltd., 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

THE HARDY FLOWER BOOK

By E. H. JENKINS

(A Member of the Floral Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society).

Price 3/6 net; by post 4d. extra.

Published at the Offices of "COUNTRY LIFE," LTD., 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

"COUNTRY LIFE" HORTICULTURAL CATALOGUE GUIDE.

FRUIT TREES & PLANTS

G. BUNYARD & Co., Ltd. **Fruit Trees**
Royal Nurseries, **Vines and**
MAIDSTONE **Herbaceous**
Plants

H. MERRYWEATHER **Rose**
and SONS. **and**
The Nurseries, **Fruit Tree**
SOUTHWELL, NOTTS **Specialists**

KELWAY & SON **Hardy Plants**
Retail Plant Department **Colour**
LANGPORT, SOMERSET **Borders**
Gladioli

THE BARNHAM **Fruit Trees,**
NURSERIES, LIMITED. **Roses, Alpine,**
BARNHAM, SUSSEX. **Ornamental**
Shrubs

J. CHEAL & SONS, Ltd. **Ornamental**
Nurseries, **Shrubs**
CRAWLEY

A KELWAY COLOUR
BORDER to include our world-renowned Specialities
— Peonies, Delphiniums,
Pyrethrums, Gaillardias,
Phloxes, etc., etc.

TO PLANT Borders of any kind can be arranged. Write us with your ideas, and we will quote.

Please give this attention NOW.

KELWAY & SON.
THE ROYAL HORTICULTURISTS,
LANGPORT, SOMERSET

LANDSCAPE GARDENING

WM. WOOD & SON Ltd. **Garden Designers**
TAPLOW. **and Contractors**
Bucks. **Crazy Paving and**
Dry Walling
Rock Formation
Hard Tennis Court
Constructors

GARDEN ARCHITECTURE
RURAL INDUSTRIES, Wind Shelter
LTD. (1914). **Hurdles**
Clarence Parade, **Quaint Osier**
CHRI TENHAM. **Garden Furniture**
Utility Baskets

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY
PULHAM & SON 'GRAPHIC' CUP
21 NEWMAN ST OXFORD ST CHELSEA 922
LONDON W1. **PLANS SURVEYS**
NURSERIES: BISHOP'S STORTFORD VASES FOUNTAINS FIGURES SUNIALS

By Appointment To H.M. the King
THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO. Ltd.
Syston, nr. Leicester.
Largest contractors Sole Makers and
in the world for Patentes of THE
tennis and croquet Hard
courts, bowling Lawn Tennis Courts,
which are used for all
greens and general lawn formation.
Orders placed now can be executed within a month.
New profusely illustrated Catalogue now ready.

GARDENING FOR BEGINNERS.

A HANDBOOK TO THE GARDEN. By E. T. COOK. 17/6 net; by post 18/4

Published at the Offices of "COUNTRY LIFE," 20, Tavistock Street, London, W.C.2

Diplomat

Virginia Cigarettes.

SMOKERS of cultured taste who appreciate a good Virginia cigarette will find in DIPLOMAT a sense of satisfaction and unalloyed enjoyment which brings a constant desire for repetition. Their flavour and aroma win the regard of those who seek something out-of-the-ordinary in cigarettes.

IN ARTISTIC BOXES

12	25	50	100
1/-	2/-	4/-	8/-



MATINÉE CIGARETTES are for smokers who prefer a fine Turkish Cigarette. They are blended and manufactured from the finest growths of Macedonian Tobaccos.

1923.

UIDE.
EVENING
n Designers
Contractors
Paving and
Walling
Formation
ennis Court
Structures

TURE

Shelter
Hurdles
Ossier
Furniture
Baskets.

MAJESTY
HC CUP
ock Carter
EA 1922
SURVEYS
OUNTAINS
UNDIALS

the King

D. Ltd.

ers and
I. THE
AB Harl
Courts,
ed for all
champion-

d within

que now

18/4

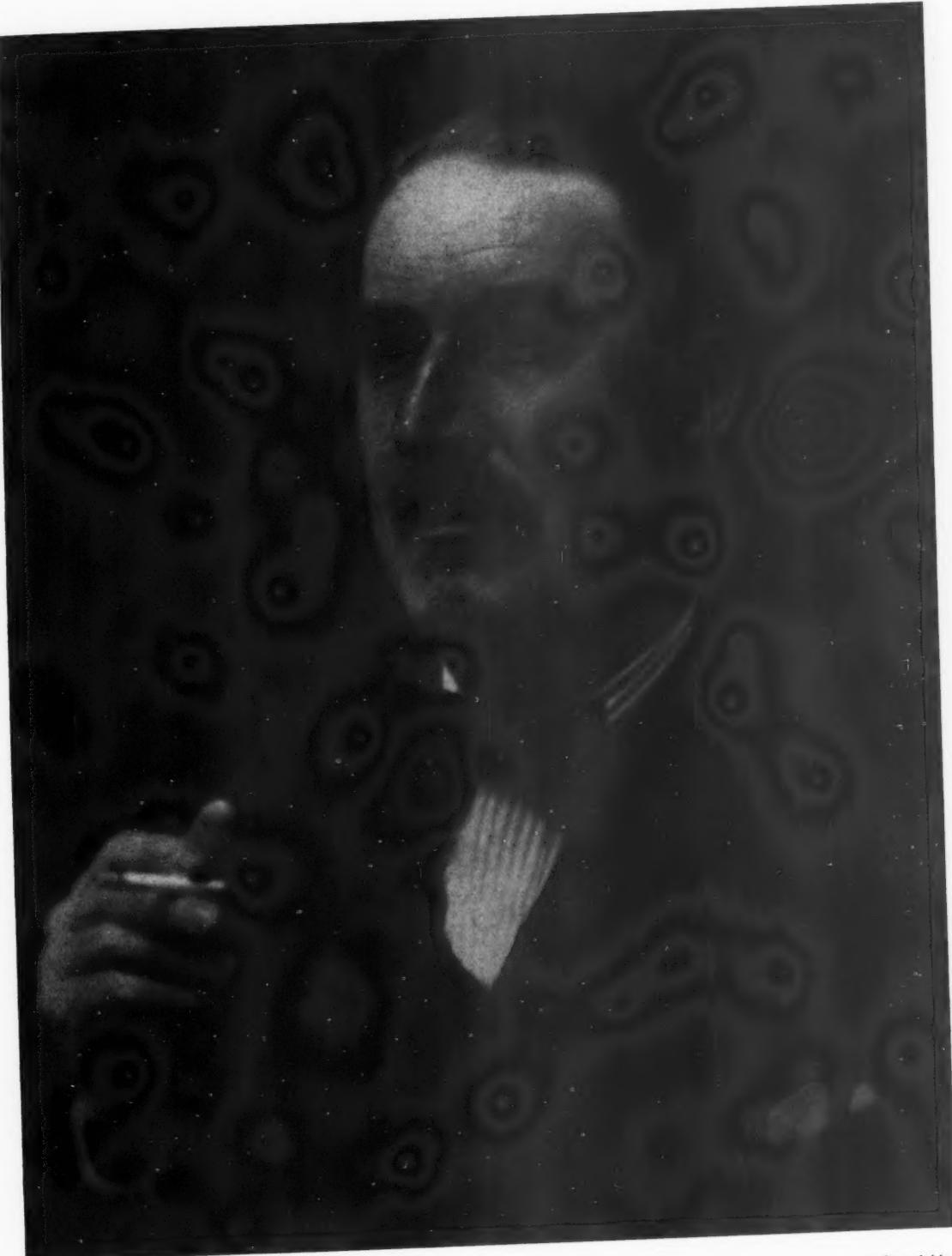
W.C.2

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LIV.—No. 1395.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1923.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



Copyright.

F. J. MORTIMER.

MR. HOWARD CARTER.

fer
U-
DS.
264

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES : 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748

Advertisements: 6-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2.; Tele. No.: REGENT 780.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece : Mr. Howard Carter</i>	405, 406
<i>The Agricultural Crisis. (Leader)</i>	406
<i>Country Notes</i>	407
<i>Benediction, by Angela Gordon</i>	407
<i>Song of the Cotswold, by Ann A. Knox</i>	408
<i>The Late Lord Morley—A Distinguished Victorian. (Illustrated)</i>	409
<i>The Blue Ribbon of the Heather, by T. M. Whitaker. (Illustrated)</i>	410
<i>Lakeworth, Its Geology and Beauty, by J. Archer. (Illustrated)</i>	412
<i>Natural History from the Treetops. (Illustrated)</i>	415
<i>Midnight and a Surrey Common</i>	417
<i>Bunch Primroses, by Gertrude Jekyll. (Illustrated)</i>	418
<i>America's New Champion, by Bernard Darwin</i>	419
<i>Country Home : Marks Hall, by Christopher Hussey. (Illustrated)</i>	420
<i>Agricultural Notes. (Illustrated)</i>	427
<i>Is Land Ownership Essential for Good Shooting? by Arthur W. Blyth. (Illustrated)</i>	428
<i>Mark Rutherford</i>	430
<i>Correspondence</i>	433
<i>Alsatians and Airedales (Lieut.-Colonel Richardson); Nova Scotia Fisheries; The Indian Jungle Fowl in England (R. L. Taylor); Large Clutch of Curlew's Eggs (H. W. Robinson); Beginning Young (Viola Evans); The Michaelmas Goose and Its Origin (Feddern Tindall); Seeds for September; Rainbows; Memorials of Convict Days in Tasmania (J. A. D. Phillips); The Retriever that Chaperoned a Pony (M. Lloyd). The Adventure of Papyrus in America</i>	435
<i>The Estate Market</i>	436
<i>Shooting Notes, by Max Baker. (Illustrated)</i>	437
<i>Lawn Tennis: How to Beat Mr. Johnston</i>	438
<i>English and Irish Glass, by D. Van de Goote. (Illustrated)</i>	lii
<i>The Automobile World. (Illustrated)</i>	liv
<i>Books of the Day</i>	lxii
<i>The Slim Silhouette in Evening Toilette. (Illustrated)</i>	lxiv
<i>For Town and Country</i>	lxvi

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

The Agricultural Crisis.

FARMERS, reduced to desperation, cannot be blamed for demanding a definite answer to their representations. They will receive it if the public, that final tribunal which must decide in the end, gives the necessary support. Before us is a situation in which the leaders of opinion are called upon not so much to succour the farmers as a class, as to support whatever is best for all classes, that is to say, for the country as a whole. Reduced to its elementary factors, the issue is a very plain one. There is a great danger and a suggested remedy. If the answer to the complaint is a *non possumus*, what will inevitably happen is that agriculturists will turn away from arable to grass farming; that is, give up the cultivation of cereals and concentrate on live stock and the dairy. This is no idle threat, but a process already going on. The statistics supplied by the Ministry show that last year four hundred thousand acres were allowed to drop from ploughland to grass. Everywhere one hears farmer saying to farmer that it is hopeless to compete against cheap imported grain, and that milk and livestock form the only good stand-by. Those who take a wide national view will not willingly support this policy. It is impossible for anyone to do so whose anxiety is for the welfare of all

sections of the population. What does it mean? In the first place, a reduction in the labour bill. One inducement for the farmer to take this course is that it will enable him to do with fewer hands. It follows that many agricultural labourers would be forced either to swell the population of the towns, in other words, to swell the number of unemployed, or, alternately, to emigrate. A second and not less important result is that it will make us more than ever dependent on foreign and colonial grain. Already, of every five loaves consumed in Great Britain only one comes from home production. Those who take the sanest and least exaggerated view of the possibilities are forced to admit that, although the population, almost without exception, longs for peace more than anything else, the political barometer of Europe is far from being "set fair" at the present moment.

The greatest paradox of the situation is that while every portion of the globe, near or far, provides work for many hands in growing foodstuffs for Great Britain, the burden of some two million unemployed hangs round the neck of Great Britain and threatens to pull her down. There can be no doubt of that being a possible contingency under the ablest statesmanship, and it will become the inevitable fate unless means are forthcoming to alter such a preposterous anomaly. Ministers do not seem by any means well informed on the subject. At the beginning of September Sir James Sanders, the Minister for Agriculture, told the Farmers' Union that the importation of potatoes was practically finished, yet it has kept growing ever since and has so rapidly increased that, at the time of writing, it far exceeds the importation in 1922. Thus, last year's loss on this crop threatens to be greater than it was in 1922, although the area planted is less by 17 per cent. British farmers have every right to complain against the unfairness of this competition. They are not fighting a battle of skill against skill, but are suffering from a demoralisation of Europe for which they are not in the slightest degree responsible.

The situation with regard to the potato must be accepted as typical. It is no ordinary competition against which they have to fight, but a competition caused by a dwindling or, in many cases, a disappearance of old markets. Such a contingency cannot be met by insistence on any old formula. It cannot be judged by other precedents and other remedies. Statesmen, in dealing with it, are like mariners forced by stress of weather to navigate their ship on an uncharted sea. No crisis like this is recorded in previous history. Farmers are not at all responsible for it. They have, as is generally admitted, profited immensely by the experiences and education of the war. Agricultural science and practice have made a great stride forward, and would have accomplished wonders had they received fair play. It may be said that Fate deals the blow, but the good navigator does not give up hope merely because an unexpected storm has been sprung on him. He studies the realities and deals with them. If they are wise, Ministers will do likewise, and extend help to the farmer. The State must see him through, either by way of protection or by subsidy. Many considerations point to the latter as the more politic and desirable. It would, probably, be acceptable to Labour since it would, to a certain extent, relieve unemployment and tend to the maintenance of wages.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece to-day is a portrait of Mr. Howard Carter, hero, with Lord Carnarvon, of the discovery of the tomb of Tut-ankh-amen. He showed a very different talent when lecturing before a discriminating audience at the New Oxford Theatre, speaking with ease and cultivation. His description of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings was that of a poet. With wonderful touches he drew a living picture of the magnificent beauty round Pharaoh's tomb. Of the canopied shrine and its guardian goddesses he was not ashamed to confess that it brought a lump to his throat. The admission and the words could only come from one who had a full measure of the artistic spirit.

*** It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

Sept. 29th, 1923.



COUNTRY NOTES

NOTHING could be more touching and, in a way, more appropriate than the fact that Lord Ripon, the Nimrod of our era, in other words, the greatest shot in England, or the world, should meet his death at the end of a day's shoot on the famous moors of Dallowgill. It is very unlikely that his record ever will be exceeded, especially as the desire to make great bags is not so keen to-day as it was in the days of his prime. A man of system, he calculated that up to ten years ago he had shot over half a million head of game. In his best year—1893—he shot over nineteen thousand head. Of the feats told about him, one of the most astonishing is that, shooting in Hungary with the late Baron Hirsch, he killed 240 partridges in one drive. At High Force, staying with the late Mr. Clare Vyner, he accounted for 128 grouse in a single drive. At Sandringham he brought down twenty-eight pheasants in sixty seconds. Other great performances include the shooting of fifty-two partridges with fifty cartridges, of forty-six out of forty-seven pheasants in one drive, and of 420 grouse in one day. That was when he was over seventy years of age. Those curious to know how feats such as these are performed will be gratified by the information that he owed his success to temperate habits, avoidance of spirits, tea and coffee and the habit of never drinking at meals. He held many titles, being Sir Frederick Oliver Robinson, G.C.V.O., Marquess of Ripon, Earl de Grey, Earl of Ripon, Viscount Goderich, Baron Grantham and a baronet. Shooting, needless to say, was his paramount interest. Although coming of a political family, his father being the well known Marquess of Ripon, a Viceroy of India, he took very little interest in politics, though he was Liberal member for Ripon from 1874-80.

THE sheepdog trials in Yorkshire, to which we dedicate an article in this week's issue, are the most ambitious and successful ever yet made to direct attention to one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of animal intelligence that can be met with. The active participants in the show are almost too expert to realise the great interest and cleverness of the display. Their vigilance and care are rather that of the drill sergeant than of the intelligent spectator. To the sheepdog the old saying applies that it can do anything but speak, and by "sheepdog" is not meant any particular breed, either of fashionable collie, bob-tail, or any other aristocrat of the dog world that relies on his points and his breeding. Many of them are funny little democratic dogs that might have come from any sort of odd corner. They have no claim to attention except what is based on what Cobbett called "anteluct." The district most famed for them is in the Borders, applying that term widely to the land that lies between the Lammermuirs and the Pennine Range. They were trained, originally, because it was beyond the powers even of a shepherd to

be continually climbing and descending the hill ranges on which the sheep graze, and he established a correspondence between himself and his dog that has found its final and most absolute expression in these sheep dog trials that are held annually and excite an ever-increasing interest in the human mind.

IT is apparent that the Government is determined to carry out the scheme for taking possession of Lulworth. An Order has been issued by the War Office allowing firing to take place for seven hours on five days of the week, and we are informed that it is now intended to obtain compulsory powers for the acquisition of the thousand or so acres of land which at present are held under an agreement. Everybody who is in a position to form a sound opinion is strongly against this being done. Nothing could show more clearly than the photographs included in this issue the place's claim to beauty, and the article accompanying the pictures makes it equally clear that the land has a singular interest. Mr. L. W. Chubb, Secretary of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, promises that every effort will be made by this body "to resist the permanent alienation and disfigurement of one of the most beautiful tracts of coastal scenery in Dorset." Lord Ilchester pointed out that the effect of the proposal would be practically to close the lobster fisheries for five days a week. Considering the vast amount of land of very little value in the neighbourhood, it is scandalous that the Government should fix on one of the most beautiful parts of the coast and obstinately refuse to give way. We hope that those interested in maintaining the place as it is will not cease agitation until they have secured what they want.

BENEDICTION.

Day's turmoil past,
Spent is the wind's long grieving,
Hushed to a sigh
Over the level land
Spoiled of her treasure, lying appeased at last,
Her labour done;
In the tranquil sky,
Limitless, veiling God's hand,
Sundown and moonrise are one,
Beauty beyond believing.

ANGELA GORDON.

IT is very pathetic, in a way, to contrast the extraordinary success of "Hassan," with the life of trouble and anxiety lived by its author, James Elroy Flecker. His existence was as anxious and bitter as that of any "hanger-on" of literature. He did his most beautiful work, including the little poem "Yasmin" (first printed in "Country Life"), which was the nucleus round which the play was built, in poverty which would have been hopeless except that the Power which confers the gift of poetry usually sends with it a temperament of irrepressible hope. The literary genius lives under a perpetual illusion that in good time he will come into his own. A comment upon it is to be found in the shouting and the cheers when "Hassan" was produced, while the voice of him who conceived the drama is silent for ever. Many of those who were loudest in their plaudits at the theatre had many opportunities of proclaiming their joy, if they felt it, on reading the poems of Flecker as they were slowly dribbled out through the Press. It is a great triumph for his kinsmen, but triumph embittered by the knowledge that he could take no part in it.

AS if the perils of the air were not sufficient already, another has been added to them. The danger from lightning has, no doubt, existed with regard to all aircraft, but we do not at the moment recall that any aeroplane or airship has been actually struck; yet, in the balloon race for the Gordon-Bennett cup, no fewer than three balloons have come to the ground destroyed by fire, presumably struck by lightning. Seventeen balloons entered and the competition began in very stormy weather. At the very start the tragedies began. All the balloons started from Solbosch Plain near Brussels. The Spanish balloon, Polar, the Swiss, Geneva and the United States army

balloon all came down in the Low Countries. It must be discouraging to those who organised the meeting and may have a bad effect on the study of ballistics, from which it was hoped to glean scientific information that cannot be obtained by the more mobile aircraft.

IT will be learned with regret that Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, who purchased the grand avenue at Stowe in the hope that it might be preserved and not broken up, having failed in his praiseworthy effort, has instructed his agents to offer it for sale and to send an advertisement to COUNTRY LIFE. Every cultivated reader will lament that this fate should overtake what has been described as the noblest sort of formal gardening. It runs from the two lodges at the entrance to Stowe on the outskirts of the quiet and peaceful town of Buckingham. It is a green grass alley bordered on either side with a double row of fine old trees, mostly elm and beech, and at the farthest end is the great Corinthian arch through which one sees the pillared front of Stowe across the park and lake. One would have thought that there were a sufficient number of people thoroughly alive to the æsthetic value of this beautiful avenue. Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis informs us that in the circumstances he has "decided with great regret that it must take its chance, as I am unable myself any longer to bear the responsibility."

NOT before time are the medical authorities being hustled into an interference with the sale of food in open shops, where it is liable to contamination by dust, flies and other impurities. Dr. C. W. Hutt, Medical Officer of Health for Holborn, in an interview, has pointed out how much superior is the method in Scotland compared with that in England. In the former country, shop fronts are almost invariably protected by glass or, at least, by muslin, whereas even in London it is common to see the shops of butchers, poulterers and fishmongers open to all the flies in the neighbourhood, 'n spite of the continual insistence in season and out of season of newspapers and other authorities on the necessity of preventing the breeding of flies. No doubt there is something to be said in favour of open stalls, because they serve the needs of a public which demands, above all other things, cheapness. The coster knows this and does his best to keep his wares clean and unpolluted, while spare stock for the stall is usually kept in boxes or on boards beneath the display counter. Medical officers have been endeavouring to persuade stallholders to lift their stock out of range of pavement dust. Dr. Hutt suggests further that the provision of fresh water in the neighbourhood of market sites would probably assist in the maintenance of cleanliness.

LORD HARTINGTON'S defence of the "shilling shocker" has led to a great deal of not unpleasant controversy. It is recognised that the speaker was right up to a point. The born student and reader of books in his childhood is just as fond of a sensational story as anyone can be. He is young, and the spirit of adventure stirs within him, while the colder work of criticism remains in abeyance, but his Lordship did not go far enough. Unfortunately, a very large proportion of the population does not get any farther than the "shilling shocker." They go on reading it as if they were passing through a second childhood. It is quite otherwise where an innate taste for good writing is in the blood. There is nothing miraculous about it: only an improving mind demands improving matter, and what contents the general does not content the exceptional. Unfortunately, in these days the predominant factor is the unprogressive reader. He it is who is responsible for the "best seller," as it is the book that he and his like continually buy. In consequence, there is a visible deterioration in the standard of good writing. Anybody, says Mr. Chesterton somewhere, can make £600 a year out of writing, except the genius and the *crétin*. That, in sober language, means that wholesome mediocrity sets the pace, and mediocrity, however wholesome, leads nowhere. The eager, keen reader is always tossing aside as inferior to-day what delighted him yesterday, and panting on to find something better to-morrow. In the end he is the man to help his countrymen onward.

MR. OTTO HEHNER, the food analyst, makes a good point in his letter to the *Times* by insisting that there is a decreasing need for food preservatives, which have been answerable for so many accidents and even deaths. There are better ways of making butter keep than by using boric acid for the purpose. Bacon needs no pickling in preserves. To some extent consumers are themselves to blame because, in the case of such vegetables as peas, beans and spinach, they demand a colour as fresh as that which these plants had when they were in the garden.

SONG OF THE COTSWOLD.

Heer I be ploughin'; crown an' furrow,
Two in, two out—I had more to do
Than couplin' ridges or turnin' a furrow
Las' year when I got Sally to woo !

Her lies at Copse Barn along with he
Us never could 'bide. I 'ent got no wife—
Jes' so quiet loike a mouse folk say her be;
T'ent not a bit o' use heavin' agen' life.

Loikely enough her were feared to choose;
There's them wot looks to her. Loikely, her were bid
Mind how they others was wantin' food an' shoes;
'Reckon her don't want him more'n her ever did !

Deep her be. T'ent hardly right
To mate some other. Reg'lar mazed all day
I thinks on her, recollectin' by night
A power o' them queer things her used to say !

ANN A. KNOX.

(N.B.—Drop every "h" and pronounce "I" oi.)

RUGBY football began some little time since in Wales and the West, but to Londoners, at any rate, Blackheath's first match seems to mark the beginning of the full season. "The Club" began by overwhelming Rosslyn Park, and should have a strong side. So should Leicester, who have got the illustrious Wakefield, now retired from the Air Force, to lead their forwards. There will be some regrettable gaps in the ranks this year, for Lowe, Davies and Kershaw, three of the most magnetic players that ever represented England, have all given up serious football. It is, for the football player, one of the minor tragedies of life that his little hour upon the stage is so soon over, and he is relegated to the touch line at an age when the cricketer, the golfer and the lawn tennis player are often in the plenitude of their powers. They must take what comfort they can from the fact that no one can hurl at Rugby the reproach that it is an old man's game.

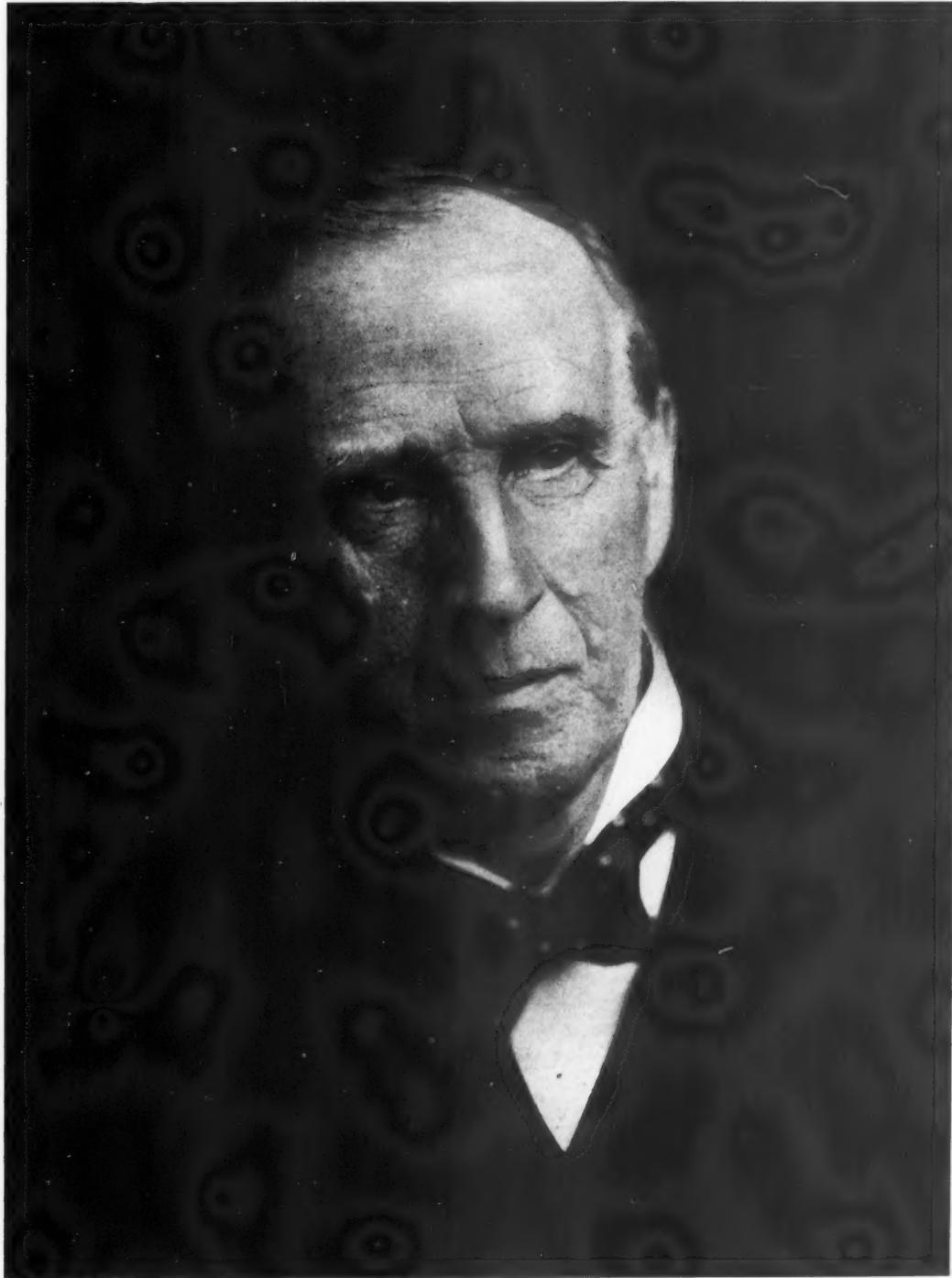
OCTOBER is now one of the very busiest of golfing months, as it is certainly one of the pleasantest, and next week brings what is virtually the professional championship by match play, the *News of the World* Tournament. It is to be played at Walton Heath, one of the most lovely imaginable places on a fine autumn day, and if the weather is kind there will be only one cause for sorrow, and that is the absence of James Braid from the tournament on his own course. He and Vardon fell by the wayside in the qualifying competitions. Taylor and Herd survive, but, though they are still great golfers, they do not dominate the situation as in their younger days. Duncan and Mitchell, who seemed bound to take the places of the "triumvirate," have for the moment fallen back into the ruck, tired out, perhaps, by the hard work of their American tour. Only Havers, the new Open Champion, seems to stand out. Otherwise, the competition appears an extraordinarily open one. We miss the old all-conquering personalities, but the players of the new generation are well worth the watching.

QOUR coloured supplement this week is "The Fisherman's Return," a companion picture to "The Fisherman's Departure," which was given with last week's issue. It is by the same painter, F. Wheatley, and the same engraver, J. Barney. Both are from prints in the collection of Mr. Basil Dighton of Savile Row. An ardent wife and two chubby young people welcome the good man in the spirit of Mickle's joyous song, "There's nae luck aboot the hoose."

THE LATE LORD MORLEY—A DISTINGUISHED VICTORIAN

ONE of the most distinguished Victorians has passed away in the person of Lord Morley of Blackburn, John Morley, or "Honest John" as some of his admirers still call him with persistent affection. He played a remarkable part in the life of the nation and he did so in his own peculiar way. He began serious life as a writer. We seem to catch the first glimpse of him in the office of the *Saturday Review* when Cook was editor and Beresford Hope the proprietor. It was due to the instigation of the latter that Morley was induced to write two articles a week for the journal, then at the height of its fame. Next, we catch sight of him editing the *Pall Mall Gazette* after Frederick Greenwood's resignation and threeping down the throats of the people, as our Scottish friends would say, the grievances of Ireland. He was to become Secretary for the distressful country in due time, but he did not achieve the success there that he did in his later years on the wider plains of India. It was a unique distinction, however, for him to be taken from an editorial desk in order

that he might be made a Cabinet Minister; not that it added power to him, because there was no Cabinet Minister who wielded more power than he did as editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. It was not in the ephemeral press, however, that he earned his chief literary distinction, but in books. His greatest achievement was, unquestionably, "The Life of Gladstone." He wrote it with a vast admiration, tempered by a difference of opinion on many points. Gladstone, in spite of his Liberalism, was very conservative at heart and out of sympathy with the revolutionary fire which was so marked in Morley. In spite of it he proved to be a great Minister for India, realities no doubt having an influence on one who was at heart more than a doctrinaire. In his later years, when his fellow countrymen had come to know him, there were no feelings except those of honour and respect felt for him even by his opponents. He was a fair but keen controversialist who never hit below the belt, and it was not in his nature to be a fanatic or an extremist.



G. C. Beresford.

THE LATE LORD MORLEY, O.M.

Copyright.

THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE HEATHER

THE INTERNATIONAL SHEEPDOG TRIALS 1923.

THE Trials were, this year, held on the Knavesmire, York, on September 18th and 19th, and proved to be the greatest in the history of the Society, from a working point of view. Scotland won all the classes, a feat never achieved before, and also won both the Championship and the Farmers' Cup for the first time. This year the National Qualifying Trials, at which the twelve dogs are chosen to represent their countries, were held, for England, at Lowther Castle, where Mr. E. Priestly of Hathersage won the cup; Scotland, at Haddington, where Mr. G. P. Brown won; and, for Wales, at Bala, where Mr. T. Roberts of Corwen was the winner. The first day the programme consisted of two classes, one for farmers and the other for hired shepherds. The two classes are run as one, and the ten highest pointed dogs qualify to run in the Championship class on the second day.

On the first day, September 18th, the test set for the qualifying round was as follows: Five sheep.—(1) Gathering 400yds. with a straight fetch through hurdles set midway. (2) Driving away from pole, where shepherd will stand 200yds. in a triangular direction, through two gates. (3) Shedding, two unmarked sheep within a ring 200yds. in diameter. (4) Penning, pen triangle-shaped, entrance 3ft., no gate. (5) Single sheep—from the five a marked single will be shed off and worn to the judges' satisfaction. By gathering is meant the collecting and bringing of the sheep by the dog to where the shepherd is standing; the hurdles are used to see that the dog can be moved to the right or left of the sheep with ease, and that it can bring them on the shortest course. Driving away explains itself, as does penning. Shedding is the dividing of the sheep; in this the shepherd helps his dog. The man stands on one side of the sheep and the dog on the other; he then lets the sheep that he does not want run past him, and whenever a sheep he wants goes away he brings in the dog to turn it back. Single sheep—here, again, the man helps the dog to shed the sheep. Waring is the holding up of the sheep by the dog; he must not touch it, but must stop it from rejoining the others, the object of this being that if a shepherd wants to catch a sheep for any purpose he sheds it off and catches it while the dog wares it, thus saving the trouble of putting the whole flock into a pen. The work in both the farmers' class and that for shepherds was of the highest order.

The winners in the farmers' class were: First, Mr. Thomas Dickson, Crawfordjohn (Scotland), with Foozle. The out run by this dog was grand; running well out and a nice distance from her sheep, she got well round them, bringing them away at a nice pace on a good course straight through the hurdles and drove away in great style, showing good command over her sheep and following well; the shedding was also of the highest order, the dog coming in at the right moment at the pen; she

showed just a slight weakness in letting one sheep pass her—but for this, her work here was all that could be desired; her single sheep was also good, as was the style she did her work in, and her command was excellent; 162½ points out of 165; time, 12mins. Second, Adam Telfer, Stamfordham (England), with Haig, winner of the International at Ayr, 1921. Haig went away with plenty of dash and style on a good course, but was stopped on the flank of his sheep by the shepherd instead of when he had got well round them; when ordered to his sheep he went rather too fast and roused them, but brought them on a good course between the hurdles and managed to get his sheep settled before commencing the drive, which was very good; his shed was a masterpiece, and at the pen he gave the best display of the day, the sheep being very stiff and repeatedly facing the dog; his single was again of the best; 156½ points; time, 14½mins. Third, William Wallace, Otterburn (England), with Meg, winner of the International at Criccieth, 1922. Again a real good out run and lift, but rather hard on the sheep on the run in; her drive was good, but she was rather inclined not to listen to the shepherd, by which she, no doubt, lost a point or two here; she finished up with some excellent work both at the pen and with the single; 156 points; time, 13½mins. Fourth and fifth prizes were divided between J. B. Bagshaw, Rotherham (England), with Lad, and E. Priestley, Hathersage (England), with Moss—152 points each, the time being 13½mins. in each case. In the former, again we saw how a dog should go out to his sheep; he brought them in on a good course but failed to bring them through the hurdles—this mistake was more by the shepherd in his judgment than by the dog; drive good, but, again, this dog was slow to answer his commands; he showed good work at the pen on stiff sheep, and finished with a fair single, where he was a little slack. Moss's out run was good, though he was far too hard on his sheep at the start, but he brought them in very well and made a very fair drive away; his shedding and penning were fair, but inclined to slackness; he failed to hold single sheep, and turned tail.

HIRED SHEPHERDS' CLASS.

First: T. Hunter, Oxton (Scotland), with Sweep; made a good run out and brought the sheep away well, but too fast; missed hurdles by not moving across when given the whistle to do so, but settled down after this and finished well; 151 points; time, 13½mins. Second, G. P. Brown, Oxton (Scotland), with Spot, winner of the Scotch National Cup; the dog started away well, but stopped as soon as he saw the sheep and set them, which is a fault; started on the home journey well, but when sheep were coming on a good line to pass through the hurdles he turned them out of their course without a command from the shepherd; his drive was good, first gate missed through



AT KNAVESMIRE: COMPETITORS AWAIT THEIR TURN.

sheep sending the dog too far up; after this he finished the course grand style; 149½ points; time, 11½ mins. Third, John Patterson, Melrose (Scotland), with Moss; this dog went away well and made a good lift, but was hard on the sheep, bringing them very fast; the shepherd appeared to make no effort to get them through the hurdles; drive very fair; in shedding, the man cut his sheep without using the dog; he succeeded with a good pen and single; 138 points; time, 13½ mins. Fourth, J. Douglas, Hawick (Scotland), with Fan; went out well, made a poor fetch right out of the course; drove away fairly well, but far too hard on her sheep; great work at shedding, and the pen failed to hold the single; 130½ points; time, 13½ mins. Fifth, H. Paterson, Cocksburnspath (Scotland), with Jed; set off far too straight, had to be stopped and recast; lift too suddenly, and brought sheep down the course very fast, missing hurdles; a good drive and shed, but rather a weak pen; failed with single; 127 points; time, 14½ mins.

The ten dogs to compete in the Championship were: (1) Foozle (T. Dickson, Scotland), 162 points, time 12mins.; (2) Haig (A. Telfer, England), 156½ points, time 14½ mins.; (3) Meg (W. Wallace, England), 156 points, time 13½ mins.; (4) Lad (J. B. Bagshaw, England), 152 points, time 13½ mins.; (5) Moss (E. Priestly, England), 152 points, time 13½ mins.; (6) Sweep (T. Hunter, Scotland), 151 points, time 13½ mins.; (7) Spot (G. P. Brown, Scotland), 149½ points, time 11½ mins.; (8) Corby (S. E. Batty, England), 149½ points, time 13½ mins.; (9) Royll (A. Millar, Scotland), 146 points, time 15mins.; (10) Juff (T. Roberts, Wales), 142 points, time 15mins.

The test for the Championship was far more severe and searching. This time there were twenty sheep, and the course was: (1) Running on the blind, distance 800yds. for one lot of ten sheep (unseen) which must be brought to pole in centre of course, where dog will be redirected for another lot of ten sheep (unseen) which will be united to the first lot; the dog must pass the pole before being redirected. (2) Driving away, distance 400yds. from where shepherd stands, in triangular direction through two gates. (3) Shedding, twenty sheep to be run off between shepherd and dog, and dog brought in to stop and turn back five marked sheep. Manoeuvring for "cuts" is forbidden. (4) Penning, the five marked sheep to be penned; triangle-shaped pen, entrance 3ft., no gate.

The three countries were represented as follows: England, five dogs; Scotland, four; and Wales, one. It was a great trial and a battle of giants, as every dog survived the National and the qualifying tests and had to have won at least a third prize in an open trial before it could compete in the Society's trials. It was a great triumph for Scotland, who won on their merits. The work here reached a very high standard. The winners were: First, G. P. Brown (Scotland), with Spot; this was the finest work ever seen in the history of the society; a

magnificent out run, the dog going like a train the whole way, making his sheep in fine style, and bringing them on a good course to the pole; on being redirected for the second lot, he set off at once, took a perfect course, made a fine lift and united the two lots, bringing them well down the course to make a perfect drive, and finishing the work with a good shed and pen;



WARING: SEPARATING AND KEEPING APART A SINGLE SHEEP.
Mr. W. Wallace's "Meg" in the final and, perhaps, most difficult test.

133½ points out of a possible 135; time 21mins. Second, A. Telfer (England), with Haig; got away well, was redirected twice, but flung well out when he saw his sheep, made a good lift, and brought them in well; when redirected for the second lot went back to where he found the first lot, but was got back, to make a good lift and fetch, an excellent drive, shed and pen; 130½ points; time 20½ mins. Third, W. Wallace (England), with Meg; a real good out run, got well round her sheep after being redirected once, made a fine lift and fetch to pole; on being directed for second lot made another good run and brought both lots in well; her driving was good, but spoiled by the shepherd bringing her up for the turn when the sheep were only half through the first obstacle, thus causing the sheep to split and pass on each side of the gates, and also the shepherd slightly overdrove the second obstacle; in shedding, the man seemed to cut his sheep instead of using the dog; her penning was perfect; 130½ points; time, 33½ mins. Fourth, S. E. Batty (England), with Corby; a grand set-off and lift, brought his sheep along well; on being redirected for the second lot he went away well, but crossed over between the shepherd and the sheep, and lifted from the wrong side; when he got his sheep, did real good work in the fetch; his drive was the most perfect of the day; he seems to like this work and follows his sheep well; his shedding was of the best, as was also his pen; 124½ points; time 28mins.

Unfortunately, there is no space here in which to give details of the Type Competition. As a whole the trials were the greatest in the history of the Society. T. M. WHITTAKER.

LULWORTH: ITS GEOLOGY & BEAUTY

IT is to be hoped that the public protest against the permanent establishment at Lulworth of a training ground for the Tank Corps may result in the choice by the War Office of some other locality less favoured by Nature for peaceful relaxation and instruction. Objections have usually been based on the undesirability of restricting access to several miles of exceptionally beautiful coast—the most picturesque, undoubtedly, on our South Coast east of Devon. But the plea of beauty can be reinforced by another of less wide appeal, but far from negligible—the extraordinary geological interest of the locality, which one could almost imagine to have been designed by Nature as a model to illustrate the elementary facts of the science. This is due to the compression into a narrow space of a large number of strata of greatly varying degrees of hardness, ranging from Portland and Purbeck rock at the base through a succession of soft, variegated sands and clays of Jurassic and Cretaceous ages up to the chalk. The earth stresses which compressed these strata also folded them in such a manner that they are highly tilted in varying degrees towards the south, with the effect of exposing the hard Portland stone to the battering of the sea which, in the course of ages, has breached it extensively and attacked the softer clays and sands behind, scouring them out through the gaps, until in many places the chalk has been reached and stands fully exposed in tall cliffs. To these conditions may be attributed the wonderful variety which characterises the coast near Lulworth—here low cliffs of Portland and Purbeck limestone, whose numerous strata are differentiated to the eye by their various shades of grey, crowned by the coloured earths of the Wealden and Greensands; there, where the sea has burst through comparatively recently, as at Lulworth Cove, an oval basin flanked by coloured sands and clays and backed by chalk cliffs. But for considerable distances the ravages of the sea have left visible only reefs and jagged fragments of the outer Portland rock; the soft strata behind have disappeared and the chalk cliffs are left to battle unaided with waves and weather.

This last stage is well seen nearly two miles west of Lulworth Cove beyond Durdle Door Rocks. Here, for several miles in the Weymouth direction, the sheer chalk cliffs in which the lofty downs abruptly terminate continue in an unbroken stretch

past Bat's Head to Ringstead Bay. For upwards of a mile isolated rocks, whose grotesque forms may be imagined from their names—The Bull, The Blind Cow, The Calf, etc.—are all that is left of the hard limestone barrier. The chalk has been so hardened, however, by crushing and contorting forces which have left its originally horizontal strata vertical that the cliff seems now hardly less resistant than the Portland stone. But the waves are remorselessly beating, and a gleam of light seen through the base of the prow-like projection of Bat's Cliff shows the work of undermining in progress. Nearer, a long series of caves a few feet above the base of the cliff indicates a line of weakness on a thrust plane where lateral pressure in the earth's crust has fractured and forced masses of the rock over the adjacent strata. The district affords numerous examples of this species of fault which frequently occurs on an enormous scale in mountainous regions.

From Durdle Door Rocks eastward the Portland and Purbeck limestone reefs become more continuous. The largest, whose dark mass suggests at high tide a turreted battleship, protects and gives its name to the beautiful bathing pool, Man o' War Cove. But not until we near Lulworth Cove does the limestone become an integral part of the land, forming an almost continuous cliff. Here, a few hundred yards west of the cove, we meet with a perfect example of the earliest stage of bay formation. The wall of Portland rock has only recently been breached, but already the incoming waves at high tide have broken down and scoured out the soft sands and clays behind, thus forming the deep depression well known as Stair Hole. The high outer containing wall, built up of strangely contorted bands of limestone, will be further breached in process of time and the hole enlarged until it merges with Lulworth Cove, leaving the Signal Station promontory, which now forms one of what Mr. Thomas Hardy calls "the Pillars of Hercules to this miniature Mediterranean," an isolated ledge of rock at the entrance to the widened bay.

For about a mile eastward of the almost landlocked Lulworth Cove, whose symmetrical curves represent a somewhat more advanced stage of marine erosion, the low Portland and Purbeck cliffs are continuous as far as Worbarrow Bay. Along their base the waves have removed the softer strata in the Purbeck



J. Archer.

Copyright.

FROM THE BEACH WEST OF DURDLE DOOR. THE LOWER NECK OF SOFT WEALDEN EARTHS AND GREENSAND IS DOOMED BEFORE LONG TO DISAPPEAR, LEAVING THE SHARP RIDGE OF PORTLAND ROCK ISOLATED FROM THE CHALK CLIFFS.

Sept 29th, 1923.



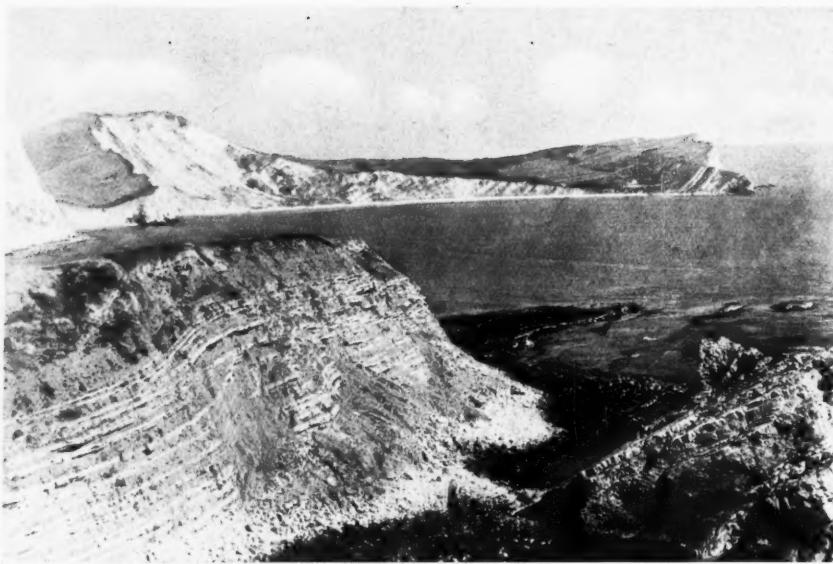
EASTERLY VIEW FROM ABOVE ARISH MELL TO WORBARROW BAY AND RINGS HILL, SO CALLED BECAUSE CROWNED BY AN ANCIENT BRITISH CAMP.

*J. Archer.*

EASTERN SIDE OF LULWORTH COVE, LOOKING INLAND FROM THE OUTER BLUFF OF PORTLAND AND PURBECK STONE TO THE WEALDEN EARTHS, GREENSANDS AND CHALK BEHIND.

Copyright.

Sept. 29th, 1924.



EASTERLY VIEW ACROSS WORBARROW BAY WHERE THE PROCESSES AT WORK ARE SIMILAR TO THOSE AT LULWORTH COVE BUT HAVE PROCEEDED MUCH FURTHER.



A LEDGE OF PURBECK ROCK, SHOWING CASTS OF STUMPS AND PROSTRATE STEMS OF TREES WHICH FLOURISHED IN THE JURASSIC FORESTS.



J. Archer. Copyright.
LOOKING EAST ACROSS THE ENTRANCE TO WORBARROW BAY. THE STEEP FOREGROUND SHOWS THE WHOLE SERIES OF STRATA.

limestone, leaving the harder in the form of ledges dipping north, that is, tilted upwards towards the sea. On these ledges can be seen curious excrescences which on closer examination prove to be the casts, complete or shattered, of stumps and prostrate stems of trees, such as conifers and species akin to the araucaria, which once flourished in the Jurassic forests. When these were undergoing submergence and decay their remains were enveloped by a deposit of tufa, or rock of chemical formation, the exposure and disintegration of which has revealed these forest forms of long ages past. The casts of stumps resemble huge petrified birds' nests—by which name they are locally known—while those of logs are suggestive of ancient sarcophagi.

From this point it is possible to skirt the coast above the low line of cliffs, descending at one point to examine a genuine smuggler's cave; but this involves missing one of the most exquisite, interesting, and comprehensive views of this beautiful region. It is better, therefore, to ascend to a path following the crest of Bindon Down, a chalk ridge running east and west parallel with the coast. Fronting its landward slope is the extensive camp established during the late war as a school of Tank gunnery, which, it is fervently to be hoped, will not become a permanent feature of the scene, as it is obvious that, so long as it is there, access to the whole of this ridge, with the shore below, must be barred to residents and visitors alike on days when firing is in progress.

Continuing eastward, the path skirts a precipitous chalk cliff and soon begins to descend abruptly to Arish Mell Gap, where the ridge has been cut into by the encroachment of Worbarrow Bay. The view from above this descent across the gap to Rings Hill and round the noble sweep of coast enclosing Worbarrow Bay forms not only an exquisite picture, but is remarkable as a geological model whose carving and colouring are the work of Nature. As we look eastward over the Isle of Purbeck the outcrops of the compressed Jurassic and Cretaceous strata of the Lulworth district gradually widen as the strata become less inclined. The divisions between the principal formations are roughly indicated by the alternation of ridge and valley whose course eastwards may be compared to the surface of a half-opened fan looked along from the handle. But it is not only from the surface features that the geological formations can be guessed, seeing that a perfect cross-section is disclosed by the cliffs on the eastern shore of Worbarrow Bay facing the spectator. Much of the south-west side of Rings Hill has been bodily removed by the inroads of the sea below and atmospheric erosion above, and the huge exposure of chalk of various ages tinted with every shade of cream, yellow and grey discloses the foundations of the northern Purbeck Hills, which stretch away to Ballard Point, north of Swanage Bay, continuously but for the gap guarded for centuries by Corfe Castle. At the base of the chalk towards the south the Greensands appear, and these, again, are succeeded by the clays and sands of the Wealden which underlie the wide valley running across the peninsula to Swanage Bay.

The exposure of these, which form a low cliff streaked with delicate shades of red, yellow and brown, fringed along its base by a narrow band of white foam, extends nearly to the entrance of the bay, where the reappearance of the Portland and Purbeck rocks is denoted by the abrupt eminence of Worbarrow Tout, forming the western extremity of Gad's Cliff and of the ridge of Purbeck and Portland formations which runs along the southern side of the wide valley and finally reaches the sea between St. Alban's and Durlston Heads. On the southern slope of these hills appears the Kimmeridge clay, a Jurassic formation underlying the Portland; but, as the lush green vegetation which characterises its soils and its partially submerged "ledges" of sinister repute are hidden by the ridge, it may be considered outside the Lulworth district.

After resting to enjoy this view, few will resist the call of the peaceful cove down below at Arish Mell; and, once there, the smooth, green slopes of Rings Hill and the lure of Flowers Barrow, a Celtic fortified camp whose triple line of earthworks encircles the crest of the hill, will also be hard to resist. The huge breach on the seaward side of the hill, already mentioned, is now encroaching on the summit and eating into the outer ring of the camp, whose age, one would suppose, might be roughly estimated from the rate at which erosion is proceeding.

The outlook across the bay and along the coast we have just traversed is, perhaps, the most striking, pictorially, of all; and few at this point would be disposed to disagree with Sir Frederick Treves, who considers Worbarrow Bay "not only the most beautiful on the Dorset shore but one of the most picturesque in England"; or with the eminent painter of landscape, Sir David Murray, who, writing to protest against the threatened infliction of a permanent camp, says of the Lulworth coast generally, "I consider the spot an endless source of subject matter of exquisite charm for all artists, almost without rival on our sea coasts."

But we are here mainly concerned with geological features, of which only a few of the most obvious have been described. There are many others of interest, so that it is little wonder the region should have become classic among students of the science.

Several of the accompanying views are primarily of geological interest; but, as a whole, they may, perhaps, bear out our contention that this short stretch of our coast combines in a remarkable degree scenic with scientific attraction, and forms a striking object-lesson of the intimate connection between geology and scenery. Let us keep it open at all times for the delight and instruction of all comers.

J. ARCHER.

NATURAL HISTORY FROM THE TREE-TOPS

CAPTAIN KNIGHT has surpassed himself in the natural history films which he will begin to show at the Polytechnic Cinema in Regent Street on October 1st. They exhibit a complete mastery of technique, and this has had the excellent effect of allowing him to give attention not only to the routine work of film photography, but also to the beauty of the situation and the surroundings. A reproduction of some of the photographs gives but a faint idea of the charm of the environment and of the natural history that can be studied only at the tree-tops. Before the art of the cinema was invented few could be familiar with the behaviour of a rook in her nest at the top of an elm or of any other tree. In his "hide" on a branch so exceedingly slim that one wonders that he did not tumble down with his "hide," his equipment, his camera and all, Captain Knight, even at that giddy eminence, concealed himself so effectually that he could watch the feathered inhabitants as closely as if he had been on the ground and they the domestic

hen and her progeny. As an instance of the closeness of the observation it may be mentioned that he noticed how the nesting rook, every time after she has fed her youngsters, cleans up the nest with the care of a good and skilful housekeeper. She pulls

the sticks apart in the foundation, as if to facilitate the fall of any foulness, and takes what is unclean and drops it over the edge of the nest.

In another film, that devoted to the green woodpecker, the observation is equally close and accurate. Few people know that this bird, so expert at running up a tree, can also come down backwards in a manner as graceful as that in which she climbs it. The habit, too, of cautiously looking round for any foe that may be near can scarcely be witnessed except by someone who followed the plan of making a place of concealment quite close to the nest. Incidentally, Captain Knight disposed of the food-grower's complaint that the woodpecker ruins the sound trees. On the contrary, the bird selects some part that is soft and rotting for her excavations and the chips that fall at the base of



C. W. R. Knight.

A FAMILY OF HERONS.

Copyright.

Sept. 29th, 1923.

the tree are in a forward state of decay when chiselled out. Undoubtedly, the heron pictures are the last word in natural history film-making up to date. Nothing could exceed the exquisite charm with which the scenes are invested. They make the spectator actually feel the magic of the fine spring morning, when the first tender beams of the sun are filtering through the green canopy of leaves, and the still and charming water at the foot of the tree reflects both the bird and the scenery. They reveal the very atmosphere and feeling of the beautiful May morning. The looker-on at the presentation is wafted to the dewy woodland and all that glory of nature which characterises the month of flower and song. The heron is absolutely at home, and her habits on the nest are seen and recorded precisely as they are in nature. The feeding will prove this as fully as anything can, particularly that from an ant-heap. There is,

probably, no dainty valued so much by birds of every kind as ant eggs. We are shown the little hillock which the industrious insect has built up and not only the living ants themselves, but the white eggs, some of which are being carried away in the mouths of the small people and others are swallowed ~~or~~, at any rate, conveyed to the pouch used for the purpose of carrying food to the chicks. Even the mucous, or sticky substance, which seems to be formed at the end of the heron's bill is clearly visible as she laps up the eggs with its aid. The proceedings of the nestlings are equally interesting. A half-grown heron is seen swallowing a good-sized eel, sucking it into its mouth inch by inch till the whole is engulfed. We see the size of it later on when the bird, having received a sudden fright as it sits on a swaying twig, regurgitates its food as a gull does when chased by a skua. Further, the eel is taken up at the root of the



EXCITEMENT.



THE FEMALE ARRIVES.



REGURGITATING



THE FIGHT FOR THE FOOD



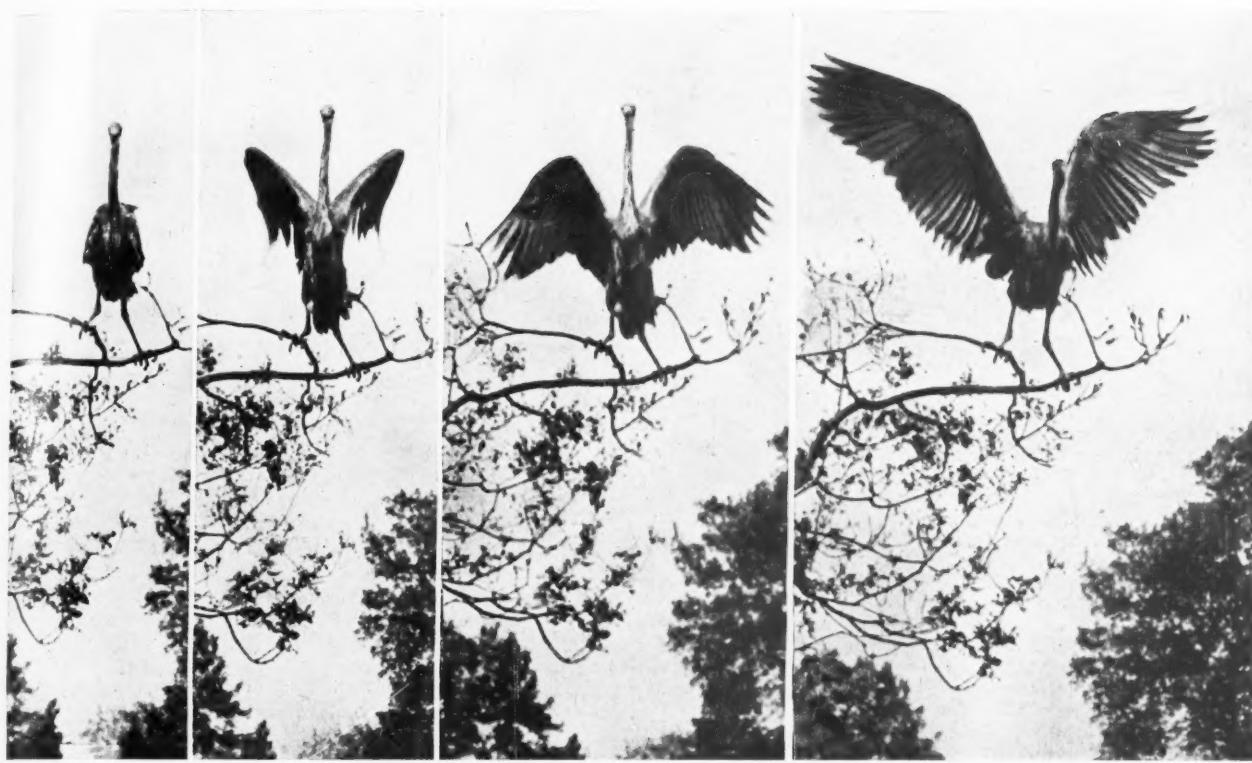
C. W. R. Knight.

THE ADULT LEAVES THE NEST.



THE YOUNG EATING FISH.

Copyright.



C. W. R. Knight.

FIRST ATTEMPTS AT FLIGHT.

Copyright.

tree by two human visitors, and it is clearly shown that the head is the first part to be subjected to the processes of digestion. This was also the case with a good-sized rat that one of the greedy birdlets swallowed with a distension of the muscles of its throat, enough, one would think, to prove fatal.

Perhaps the most beautiful bird shown in these films is the sparrowhawk. No one who has only seen it in flight or in captivity could imagine how much finer it is in the wild. At first sight this bird looked smaller than it does in life. It is shown sitting on a branch of a tree, and not far off in its neighbourhood a sparrow is visible. The little bird moves, there is a sudden flight, and the next scene

in the drama is that of the fierce hawk plucking the feathers from its small victim. In the nest this buccaneer becomes the mildest and tenderest of parents, and its fluffy progeny are most interesting in the various stages of their development.

These are but a few scrappy notes that do little more than hint at the exquisite beauty of the scenes portrayed in this film. In looking at them the illusion is so complete that one forgets the little underground room in which was held the very private exhibition in front of only two spectators. One was wafted away to the woodland and the riverside, and when the show was over the scenes still kept moving before the mental eye, and they seemed to be accompanied by the shrieking of hawks and the twittering of little birds.

MIDNIGHT AND A

THE surprising beauty of the world at night occasionally comes to us, I think, as something of a shock when we happen, by accident, to be in a place where this peculiar splendour is perfectly revealed. This is, perhaps, due in part to the rarity with which our English climate favours us, for in the tropics, where the sun comes necessarily to be regarded as the great and pitiless enemy of mankind, the nights are, in contrast, the more assiduously enjoyed. Nevertheless, I often feel that force of habit accustoms us to stay indoors after dark, reading, playing a game or similarly engaged, when we might with more profit be abroad under the stars. Thus I felt, at any rate, a short while back, when I was camping with some friends at their caravan on one of the lesser known heaths of Surrey.

It had been a wet, unpleasant day, a day hard to reconcile with the Romany life, but towards evening the clouds had at last dispersed and the sun could warm the breeze which blew across the fragrant heather. And when the time came to go to bed, I took, as one does out camping, a turn to look at the night. It was full moon. In all her brilliance she was already rising above the trees which overhung our little river. A certain restlessness seized me and I made my way on to the heath, with a mind to wander as long and as far as the spirit moved me. I suppose I strayed so for several hours, skirting villages and woods and keeping to the sandy tracts that lay across the common, while the hills stood out as landmarks to guide me back when I needed.

At length I threw myself down on the summit of a little hill where the heather made a couch as soft as warm. I could scarce believe myself in Surrey, a county, to be sure, which seems by day so studded with sanatoria and villas. For all the world, I might have been on some rolling tract of the Indian plains. Almost beneath me, between two hills, lay a great patch of light that for a while I took to be a lake, until I recalled that I had in the last hour passed dry of foot that very way. For long I was intrigued to the point of being able to look at nothing

SURREY COMMON

else. At last my phantom had to give place to the memory of long dry grass which, doubtless, shone white in the rays of the moon. And then, rolling over, I lay back in the heather until I could see nothing but the sky. It was not quite cloudless. On the western horizon lay a fleecy fringe from which every now and then a wisp-like creature would break away and go racing across the sky as if to reach the other side before the moon dissolved it in its smile. In the space of a few minutes it had come and gone from my vision; but, as it passed, the stars seemed suddenly to course the other way until I felt that I knew at last our little globe was visibly turning on its poles.

All this while I listened lazily to the silence of the heath. The breeze had almost dropped, and not a murmur reached me from the neighbouring woods. Sometimes a belated motorcyclist hammered away on the road to Aldershot, and, lying comfortably in my heather, I pictured him, with good-natured contempt, all goggled and muffled, his eyes strained along the asphalt roads. Then a dog would bark and be answered by dogs from distant farms, until the whole county barked confusedly, impatient, as I thought, of their captivity on a night when their ancestors would have hunted free and savage over the moors. Then a goods train on some neighbouring line puffed slowly to a standstill, and for half an hour shunted its trucks hither and thither, and finally, with several skiddings of its driving wheels, puffed itself away into silence. And there were the church clocks striking the hour. The first to strike each time was a little high-pitched bell, a village church, no doubt; and just as the dog's bark had found its echoes, so was this church answered by other belfries more distant and deeper in tone. That would be Godalming, I said, and that Guildford. And so until I had pictured all the surrounding churches on the map, and the last vibrating stroke had died away. Another hour went by and the clocks struck one. The wind blew faintly from the north-west and the heather no longer seemed so warm. I rose, and taking a last look round, made my way back to our caravan, where the rest had long since fallen to sleep.

N. L. C.

BUNCH PRIMROSES

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THE large-flowered bunch primroses flower later than the ones with single stems, for they are not at their best till late in April, and in some seasons not till well into May. But, if they are planted in borders near a house and have to give way to tender summer flowers, they will be just in time for lifting and dividing when the bloom is over, and they can then be cared for in the reserve garden until they have to be again put in place in October. But where woodland adjoins the garden and a good space can be given for a rather large plantation of primroses, this will be the best place for them, and, being naturally woodland plants, the shady setting not only conforms to their natural needs but provides the most suitable and beautiful framing to the masses of primrose bloom. For this kind of planting the strains of large whites and yellows in considerable quantity will have the best appearance, for they show better in shady half-light than a mixture of varied colourings. These are more suitable for beds and borders near the house, and fine effects may be secured by good combinations of rich red and ruddy brown kinds.

It has to be remembered that these large-flowered kinds require good cultivation. It is not enough to put them out in woodland as if they were wild



A BORDER OF VARIED COLOURING.
In a garden at Chislehurst.

primroses, and a soil of good loam is better for them than anything lighter. Also, in the richer soil they stand well for two years, although young plants give rather larger bloom. When a quantity are grown it is of the greatest interest to watch for desirable varieties and new developments. If a plantation is of the whites and yellows only, even within this limited range of colouring the variation is considerable; for in some the flowers are flat and nearly round, in others the edges are strongly waved, and the petals so wide that they not only overlap, but are so fully folded and fill up the flower so much that at first sight it seems to be a double bloom. Then, the colour is anything from a cold white, through cream and yellow, to a rich orange, and the central deeper patch is so strong that it approaches scarlet. This deeper central colouring may end suddenly with a clearly defined edge, or it may be suffused, reaching in some cases to only a short way from the centre and in others extending to two-thirds the depth of the petal. It will be seen that there is a distinction between what florists call pin-eyes and thrum-eyes. The thrum eye, in which the group of anthers comes above the pistil, is most in favour, especially when the flower has the additional ornament of a rose eye, a raised crown-shaped



A PLANTATION OF MUNSTEAD PRIMROSES.
The shady setting conforms to their natural needs.

decion close to the centre. The pin eye when the pistil projects and shows little pin's head in the middle of the flower. But these lesser distinctions are mostly for the show bench or for examination in the hand; what concerns us most is that the plant should bear a good quantity of well coloured flowers, handsomely carried on strong stems that are not too tall and lanky, and that it should show at once as a good garden plant. The finest of these should be marked when at the best of their bloom for seedling, or for division and increase. The bulk of the plants should be taken up and divided as soon as the flower is over, but those that are to be kept for seed should remain in place until it is ripe, which will be towards the end of July. Opinion is divided among gardeners as to the best time for sowing the seed: whether to sow as soon as it is ripe, or whether to keep it till the next spring. The latter way will be found more generally convenient. The seed is sown early and pricked off into frames or some sheltered place outside, and the seedlings are planted out at any suitable opportunity in the late summer.



THE SPETCHLEY STRAIN OF PRIMROSES.

AMERICA'S NEW CHAMPION

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I AM writing before I have the details of the final of the American Championship. All I know at the moment is that Mr. Max Marston beat Mr. Jesse Sweetser at the thirty-eighth hole. I must honestly confess that I thought Mr. Sweetser would win. When he reached the final I felt almost sure that he would win the Championship for a second consecutive year, and so do what no one has done in America since Mr. Jerome Travers won in 1912 and 1913, and no one has done here since Mr. Hilton in 1900 and 1901. Nevertheless, there can be no semblance of a fluke about Mr. Marston's win. No man can win five thirty-six hole matches running against the best amateurs in America by a fluke, and Mr. Marston's path to victory was no easy one. Mr. Bobby Jones (the reigning Open Champion), Mr. Francis Ouimet and Mr. Sweetser make up a pretty convincing row of scalps. The new champion is very much to be congratulated.

Mr. Marston is not, like so many American champions, an infant prodigy. I take it, he is nearing the neighbourhood of thirty. I have vivid recollections of the first time I saw him play. It was in the American Championship at Garden City in 1913, and, looking at some old cuttings, I find that I then described him as a schoolboy. He was one of a band of seventeen unfortunates who tied for the last nine places at the end of the first day's qualifying score play. It was too dark to play off the ties that night, so it had to be done at half-past eight next morning, when the sixteen poor wretches (one stayed in bed) were despatched in batches of four at the fourteenth hole, to play what I called "a sort of nightmare musical chairs with life and death as the stakes." After one hole had been played there were six men left to fight for one place. Another hole and there were two left, Mr. Marston and a Mr. Bowers. On they went to the sixteenth hole. After three shots Mr. Bowers was quite a long way from the hole and Mr. Marston apparently dead. But the unexpected happened: Mr. Bowers gallantly holed a long putt, Mr. Marston missed his short one, and so disappeared.

In the ten years that have elapsed since then Mr. Marston has been an extremely consistent and successful tournament player, especially round Philadelphia, where he lives. Last year he played against our side in the International match, and was rather badly beaten by Mr. Willis Mackenzie, while in the Championship he unexpectedly failed to qualify. This year, when he came over with the American team, he played very well. He lost at Deal to Mr. Tolley by 3 and 2 in a match which was splendidly pulled out of the fire by Mr. Tolley in his most characteristic manner, but might, with one or two "ifs and ans," have gone the other way. In the Walker Cup match at St. Andrews, he and Mr. Gardner made a terrible mess of Mr. Harris and Mr. Hooman in the foursomes, and in the singles he comfortably beat Mr. Hope after having been one down at lunch-time.

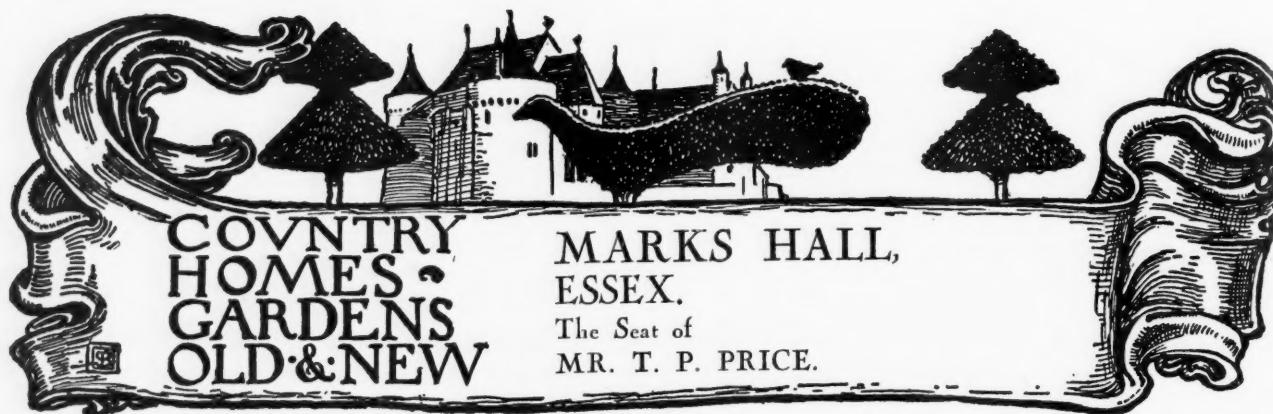
Mr. Marston is undoubtedly one of those deceptive players who are more formidable than they look. Critics, and good critics too, who saw him play for the first time this spring set him down as the weakest member of the American side, but they had reason to reconsider their views when they saw him play at St. Andrews. He has a very long swing, in which the club goes a good long way past the horizontal, and this is not merely so with his wooden clubs. He employs practically the

same swing with all his iron clubs, be they straight-faced or lofted, and even when he has a mashie-shot of no great length to play—such a shot as some people would play with little more than a flick—he still swings the club round his head. This is a method contrary to all one's preconceived ideas. It looks as if, sooner or later, it must go wrong, but in Mr. Marston's case it does not. I saw him play a number of these high swinging shots at St. Andrews with wonderful accuracy. The ball would come down near the hole and fall spent and lifeless with but a yard or two of run in it.

There is, I think, one invaluable saving grace about Mr. Marston's method. His swing is very long and looks rather loose, but it is very leisurely and rhythmical, and the rhythm is always there. He never hurries it or snatches at the shot. He may look as if he would lose control of the club head and of his body, but he has, in fact, a remarkable power of control. He is, moreover, big and strong and, without being enormously long, has yet plenty of power which he exerts, as I say, in a very leisurely way. Moreover, though he gives the impression of being rather easily worried by noises and movements in the crowd, he is a fine fighter with a stout heart and he is a good putter. I shall be surprised if, when the full accounts of this Championship arrive in the American papers, we do not find that Mr. Marston's putting had a good deal to say to the result. He puts, or did last year in America, with a club built on the Schenectady principle, but made, if I remember rightly, of wood and not aluminium, and having a rather rounded sole.

Mr. Sweetser must think that the thirty-eighth hole is not a lucky one for him. This is the second championship he has lost there. Mr. "Chick" Evans beat him at this point in the Western Championship. It was not, it is true, in the final, but it was virtually the final, since Mr. Evans beat everyone else with consummate ease. On that occasion Mr. Sweetser had only to put a pitch on to the green to win, but he went over into a bunker and ultimately missed a short putt and lost the hole. What happened this time I do not yet know, but I expect Mr. Sweetser remembered his match with Mr. Evans when he stood on the thirty-eighth tee. Anyhow, he has played in a way worthy of a champion. To beat Mr. Robert Gardner by 8 and 7 is a thing few people can do. Those who only saw Mr. Sweetser play at Deal and St. Andrews this spring have no notion how good he really is. If he comes here again there will, I fancy, be a different tale to tell.

It is interesting to note that the four players in the semi-final round—Mr. Marston, Mr. Sweetser, Mr. Gardner and Mr. Ouimet—represented the four great cities, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and Boston. Furthermore, all four were members of the American side that played here this year. Of that team, Mr. Rotan, Mr. Wright, Mr. Neville and Dr. Willing did not take part in the Championship. The distances in America are so vast that there are always some notable absences in an American championship, and these players come from Texas, California and Oregon, respectively. Of our two British players, Captain Carter was rather disappointing and came down with a sad bump before Mr. Von Elm, a very good young player from Salt Lake City; but Mr. Hunter, before being put out, had a fine win over Mr. Evans, who is at his most formidable, as a rule, on his own western courses.



**MARKS HALL,
ESSEX.**
The Seat of
MR. T. P. PRICE.

THE present appearance of Marks Hall is well calculated to whet the curiosity. At first sight it is not easy to know what to make of it. It is of warm red brick, four-square and reassuring, but with a Jacobean frontispiece on the porch, and windows of early revivalist Gothic. A Queen Anne wing projects to one side, beyond a strange archway that might be any age; and if we go round to the back there are Georgian kitchens in a separate block and, in the kitchen yard, a turret of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. A "dovecote" of the same date lies in a north-easterly direction beyond some outbuildings, and may at that time have formed part of the general scheme.

Thus we have materials for a number of most interesting problems. Fortunately, though the Ancient Monuments

Commission have visited the house, they have not queered our pitch, having refused to commit themselves as to the dates of the more obscure buildings, or to hazard any suggestions as to the evolution of the very complicated plan. From the sketch plan appended, it can be seen that the present buildings are divided in half by a long passage running east and west, with an arched gateway at one end and a garden door at the other. To the north of this lie the Tudor, Queen Anne and Georgian portions, and to the south the hall proper. This consists of a central body and two wings of Early Jacobean date, the court now filled in, refaced, and, in the case of one room, redecorated about 1760. It is for this reason that we can get little help from the surface of the walls towards evidence of the house's original form and shape. We may first, therefore, draw on history to see what it will yield.

By the time of the Conquest the original Mark, or Merc, had long been forgotten. This hall of his was held by one Godmund. The former seems to have been a family of some importance in their far-off time, as their halls lie scattered over this part of Essex in several places. The overlords of Mercheshala were at first the de Montfords. After Robert of Normandy's attempt to seize the English throne, however, they were discredited for the assistance they had sought to give him, and the lordship was transferred to the Barons de Essex, residing principally at Raleigh. Hugh de Essex, however, lost his lands soon afterwards in a way so remarkable that, as some may have forgotten the story and others have not read Fuller's account (though Lamb quotes it), we may be pardoned for intruding it here. It comes in the "Worthies," under Bedfordshire:

He is too well known in our English Chronicles, being Baron of Raleigh in Essex and Hereditary Standard Bearer of England. It happened in the reign of this king [Henry III] there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire at Coleshall, between the Welsh and the English, wherein this Henry de Essex *animum et signum simul abjecit*, betwixt traitor and coward, cast away both his courage and banner together, occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had baseness to do, had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eyewitness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated by the king and he himself, *partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.*



Copyright.

I.—THE FRONTISPICE ABOVE THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sept. 29th, 1923.

COUNTRY LIFE.

421



2.—THE SCREENS FROM THE PORCH.



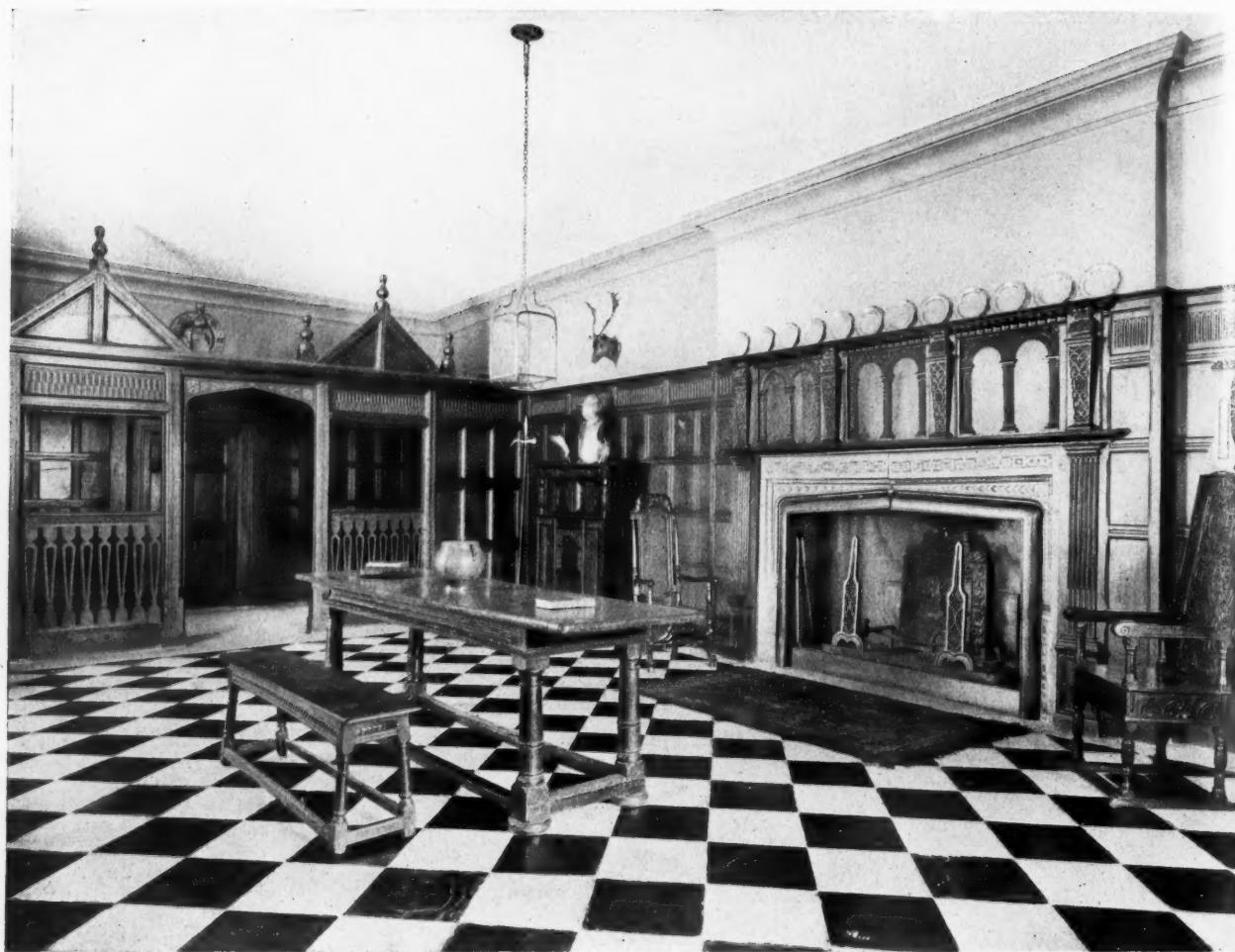
3.—LOOKING OUT ALONG THE SCREENS.



4.—THE STONE HALL AND THE SCREENS.

Copyright.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

5.—HALL, FINISHED BY ROBERT HONEYWOOD IN 1609.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

6.—THE "OAK PARLOUR," LOOKING INTO THE HALL.
Probably arranged by General Honeywood, *circa* 1760, in the place of an old buttery and winter parlour.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

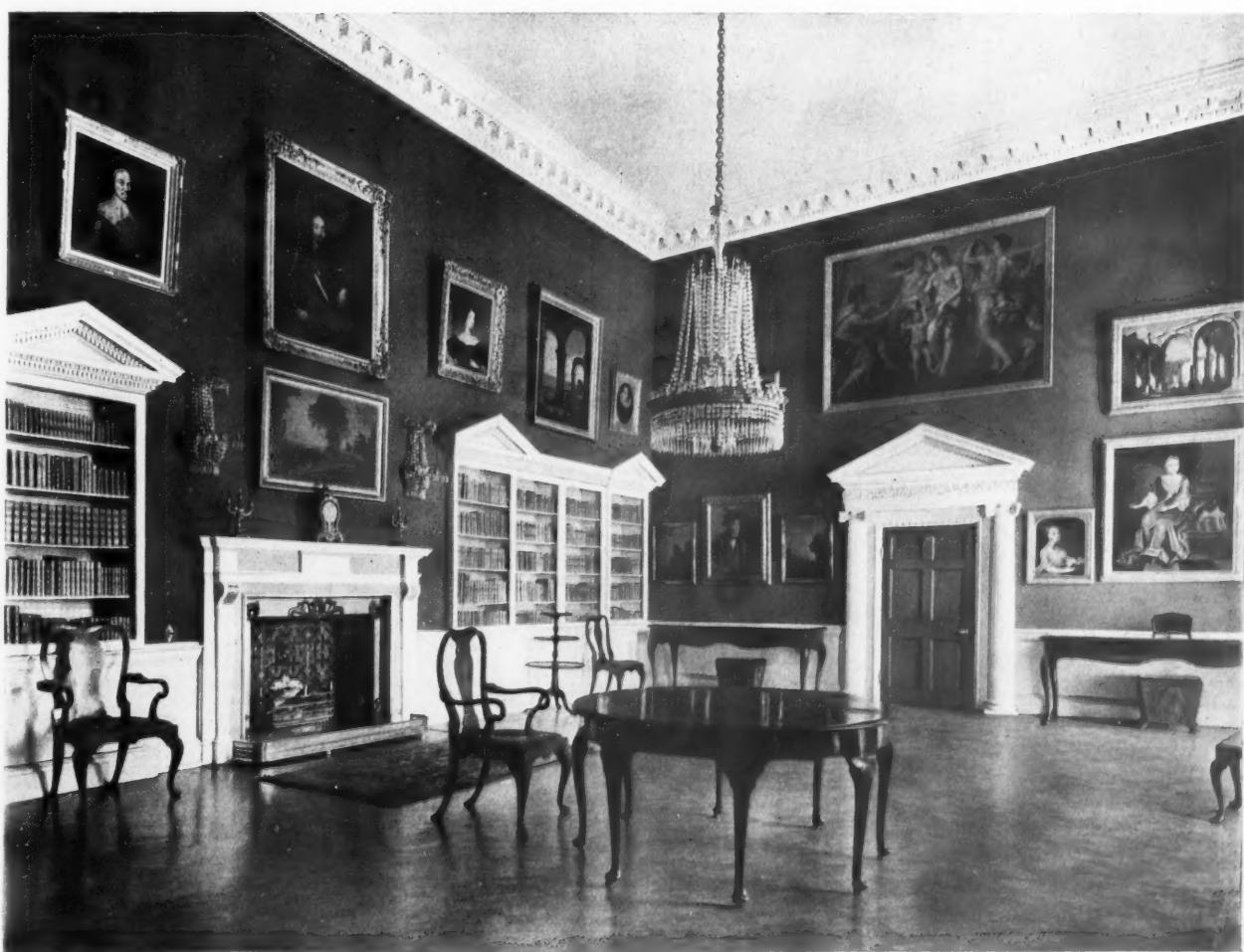


Copyright.

7.—THE "PRAYER ROOM."

The builder and his remarkable mother are seen upon the wall.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—THE DINING-ROOM, ADDED BY GENERAL HONEYWOOD, *circa* 1760.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sept. 29th, 1923.

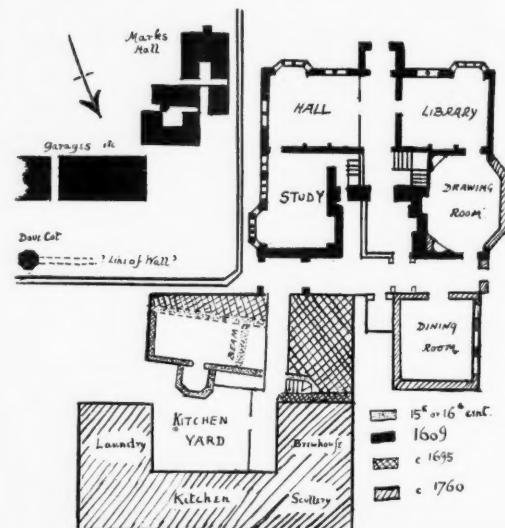
9.—THE STAIRCASE, *circa* 1760. IN THE GOTHIC MANNER.

10.—DETAIL OF THE DOOR FROM HALL TO STUDY.

The italics are Lamb's, who remarks of it: "Nothing can be more beautiful than the account of the last days and retirement of poor Henry de Essex; the charm of it seems to consist in the perpetual balance of antitheses not too violently opposed and the consequent activity of mind in which the reader is kept; he feels as if he were consulted as to the issue." This digression must be forgiven to a lover of the old doctor. In this case, too, the reader may well be consulted, for he can supply a fact to compose that issue. Robert de Montford had other ends in view besides the establishment of truth in challenging Essex; he thereby revenged himself on the family who had become possessed of his own forebear's lands, Markshall among them, which now escheated to the Crown.

Markshall was not granted to another great lord, but was purchased in fee farm by the residents who had for many years held it, and had taken their name, de Merchesale, from it. That would be about 1160, and the family, which had probably been there for a century already, remained there until, in 1562—after a period of nigh five hundred years—William Markeshall alienated it to a kinsman, John, who proceeded to sell it to one John Cole.

What kind of house the Markeshalls had, one can only conjecture. Most probably one of timber and plaster. As we have already implied, however, a fragment of some extensive house remains in the present kitchen yard, the extent of which is best seen in the



11.—GROUND-FLOOR PLAN.

plan. It consists of a wall, no longer an outer one, from which a turret of brick juts out. Doorways give into the turret on the ground and first floors, in each case a flattened brick arch contained in a rectangular moulded frame, as was the custom in the fifteenth century. Originally it contained, most likely, a turret stair. The only other recognisable fragment of the old house is a beam in the ceiling of the servants' hall, a few yards south-west of the tower, which, running towards the existing exterior wall, fails to reach it by several feet. As the wall in which the turret occurs is at a skew to this later (Queen Anne) facing wall, that is as much as to say that this beam originally did reach a wall parallel to the one by the turret, which was demolished *circa* 1700. Now the beam is moulded in long parallel rolls, but at one point bears the initials "I. C." and the date 1566.

Thus John Cole, between his purchase in 1562 and his death in 1567, was carrying out repairs on the old building. The extent either of his repairs or of the building can only, however, be hazardously suggested. In the inset plan can be seen a little turret, called a dovecot, north-east of the house, which may, as at Tolleshunt Darcy (COUNTRY LIFE, July 7th, 1923), only a few miles away, have formed part of a large enceinte, standing, perhaps, at one corner. The court thus enclosed must have been of great extent, and the house probably formed the other extremity, though whether of courtyard plan or what, we have no means of determining. However,

we have seen that Cole was not a mere *entrepreneur*, as Morant and others imply, just because he died soon—died probably before he had completed his repairs; but he left a son aged seven years who, in 1581—that is, the moment he was of age—sold it to one Edward Deraugh or Derechaugh, who died in 1595 and whose son likewise sold the old house in 1605 to Robert Honeywood of Charing in Kent.

To this man, who made Marks Hall the home of his branch of the family, we owe the bulk of the house, namely, all that south of the central passage and containing all the living-rooms. Morant tells us that he pulled down part of the old house—which he may well have done—and then goes on to say that he built the present front. It is unfortunate that Morant's description is not fuller, for it probably applies to the front before it was refaced. If it does nothing else, however, it reassures us that there did exist a front, and not, as one might be tempted to suppose, two projecting wings with a recessed court between them.

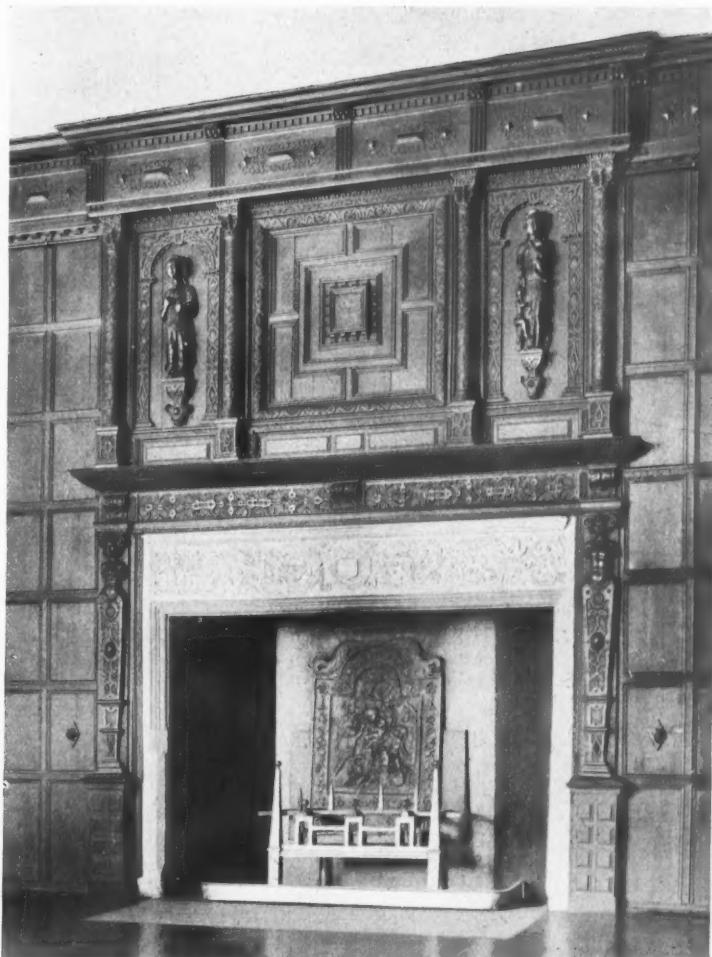
For the plan of Marks Hall is to this extent remarkable: that it is a U-shaped house, entered



12.—IN THE BLUE BEDROOM.

from the bottom instead of through the "mouth." The hall, entered through screens, lies immediately to the right of the porch on entry. Opposite the screens, on the left, would possibly have been the kitchen, or, more likely, the buttery or pantry and a winter parlour, with a passage through service room to a kitchen where the Georgian drawing-room is now. If that were the case, the family must have been extremely pressed for space, as there would remain as sitting-rooms on the ground floor only the hall and the original parlour, which came to be called the "Prayer Room," probably because in Cromwellian times it was so used.

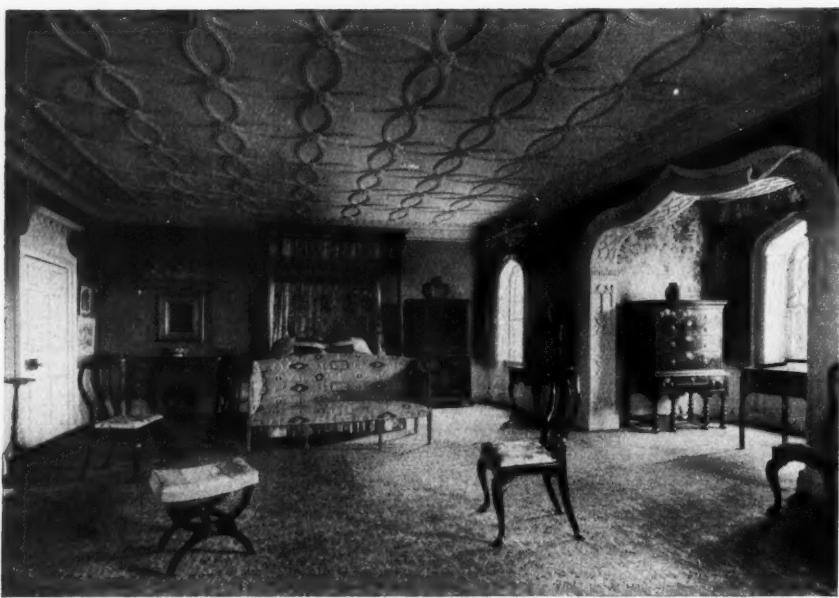
The hall (Fig. 5) was completed in 1609, as an initialled incision (R. H.) on the chimneypiece affirms. The room remains practically as built, though the ceiling and cornice mouldings seem to be of the eighteenth century rebuilding. The black and white floor, the carved fireplace and overmantel, the panelling and, especially, the highly interesting screen are intact. This latter is constructed



Copyright 13.—THE "PRAYER ROOM" CHIMNEYPEICE "C.L."



Copyright 14.—CHIMNEYPEICE IN AN UPPER ROOM "C.L."

15.—THE GOTHIC ROOM (*circa* 1760) ABOVE THE ENTRANCE HALL.

Copyright.

16.—THE DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEYPEICE.

"C.L."



Copyright.

17.—FROM THE SOUTH.

The 1690 rebuilding on the right; the archway between it and the Jacobean building.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of beams roughly moulded with an adze, with pierced balusters filling the spaces on either side the central gangway. It is probable that the flanking spaces originally were gangways, and *vice versa*, and that the present arrangement is later.

The room on the left, as you enter, is the oak parlour, fully panelled, but with a later chimneypiece. If it was ever kitchens or offices we should not expect to find the wainscoting; but it is important to remember that the man who reconstituted the house *circa* 1760 was a Romantic, a Neo-Gothicist, of the Walpole-Sanderson Miller style, and was quite capable of inserting a (to his mind) suitable chimneypiece and wainscot. The latter has undoubtedly been tampered with in Georgian times, as it has a cornice with a feeble sort of Gothic ribbing on it, and the fireplace is obviously his. This gentleman—he was a General Honeywood, who came into the property in 1758—is responsible for the refacing and, of course, for the Gothic windows. In the little four-cornered lights formed by the "tracery" of these windows he inserted some of the heraldic glass which he found in his ancestors' original windows.

Thus, in the hall windows there are still the arms of Wentworth impaling gules, three scutcheons argent, and Waldegrave impaling Wentworth, with its quarterings, though how these achievements got here is not very clear. In the "Oak Parlour," Browne of Betchworth impaling Guilford, in a coloured chaplet, is to be seen. Essex is peculiarly rich in heraldic glass of this period—the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century. The Browne arms got here as those of the father of Honeywood the builder's second wife, who bore him six sons. The most remarkable lady of the Honeywoods, though, was the builder's mother—Mary Waters. She married Robert Honeywood of Charing, his father, who died in 1576; but she had already borne him sixteen children, and at her decease in 1620 at Marks Hall, at the age of ninety-three, she was remarkable as having 367 children lawfully descended of her, viz., sixteen of her own body, 114 grandchildren, 228 in the third generation, and nine in the fourth. If any are sceptical of this, one of her own sixteen children, who lived to be Dean of Lincoln, used to relate how he was present at a banquet given by her to her descendants at which 200 persons sat down, not including those persons who were carried in arms. Mrs. Honeywood, strange as it may seem, was affected towards her latter end with morbid dread of her hereafter. She became obsessed with the idea that she was damned. Ordinary disquisition was powerless to controvert her, and even John Fox himself could not comfort her. Once, as he gently reasoned with her, she suddenly sought to affirm her damnation once and for all. Catching up a Venetian glass that chanced to stand by (some say full of water), she raised it above her head and said, "As surely as this glass shall break (and the water, if any, be spilled), so shall I be caught after death to everlasting torments"; with which she flung the beaker to the ground. Yet, so far from its being so much as cracked, it rebounded off the floor—which was a stone one, as the tale goes, and therefore in the stone hall most likely—into her

had again (and the water yet within it, some add). This she told to her much surprise and comfort, and thereupon, with Mr. John Fox, she straightly glorified God, who had thus, in a most marvellous manner, showed His pity upon her.

Her portrait, acquired by Mr. Price in a shop in the neighbourhood, now hangs with that of her son, the builder, in the "Prayer Room," which is finely panelled and retains its original windows, mullioned and transomed (Fig. 7).

The builder died in 1627, leaving his son Robert, by his first marriage, the Charing estate, while Thomas, who had been born at Betchworth in 1586, eldest son of his second marriage, received Marks. [The Harleian Society's pedigree gives the Charing estate to a second son, Mathew.] This Thomas, who married the widow of an eminent merchant, John Manning, was in 1632 raised to knighthood. He was a man of great note in his time, and in 1642, as can hardly be wondered at after his parentage, he sided, together with many of the squires of Essex, for the Parliament, and under Sir Thomas Barrington was one of the committee for the county. During the first part of the wars this seems to have been his chief function—going up and down from Wallingford House to Essex informing Westminster of the state of the county and bringing back orders. In 1648 he commanded a body of militia at the siege of Colchester, and in 1651 took a regiment of Essex men under his command across to Worcester, where he led them at the battle, and on September 9th, six days afterwards, received a degree of Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford. In the Parliament of 1656 he was a knight of the shire and was advanced by Cromwell to be one of the "lords" to sit in "the other place." His daughter married Sir John Cotton, son of Sir Robert, collector of the famous manuscripts and library, and at Cotton House, Westminster, he died, aged eighty, in the year of the Great Fire. In these latter years he was acquainted with the Pepys family, and Samuel somewhere records his paying them a visit.

According to the Harleian pedigree, the Charing brother seems to have had no children, and left the property back to Sir Thomas. He conferred it on his second son, John Lamotte Honeywood who, in 1672, after the death of his elder brother, came into Marks Hall as well. On his death without children in 1693, it is not clear who succeeded him. Morant asserts the Charing branch, descended from Thomas the builder's first marriage, then succeeded in the person of Robert Honeywood, M.P., colonel of a foot regiment and deputy lieutenant. The evidence is so circumstantial, and Morant probably knew him, that we must conclude the Harleian pedigree untrustworthy, and that the two branches of the family had no connection between 1627 and 1693. Colonel Honeywood died in 1735. A younger son was at that time making his way up in the cavalry, until at Dettingen we find him in command of the Heavy Cavalry, during which battle he was dangerously wounded, probably during the charge of which George II exclaimed: "Ach! Zee 'ow my brafe Engleesh go!" None the less, he was back, perhaps on home service, a year or so later, and was with the forces in touch with the Scots in Lancashire. Near Clifton, in that county, he was again wounded as the Prince was falling back from Derby. This gallant gentleman eventually retired with the rank of lieutenant-general, and succeeded an elder brother at Marks in 1758.

It is to him, again, that we owe the Georgian Gothic alterations. He will have converted what were probably offices into the oak parlour and drawing-room, to the latter of which he added a bay of three (pointed) sash windows. Beyond the dividing passage, too, he built a big single-storey room, now the dining-room (Fig. 8), with an excellent Palladian doorway and more pointed windows. On one of the walls of this room hangs a most exquisite Romney sketch of Emma—the brilliant head, a few golden locks, the laughing brown eyes—all probably the work of an hour.

The General was, obviously, a man of fashion, and just then the Gothic was a very select craze. As early as the early 'forties Sanderson Miller had begun building ruins and castles. But the General must have been one of the first to Gothicise a Gothic house. His only interiors, excepting the oak parlour (if we accept that as his very sympathetic restoration), are the drawing-room, an octagonal apartment with pointed niches in the diagonal walls, and an amazing stone chimneypiece, that defies classification; and, on the first floor above the hall and porch, the room now Mrs. Price's bedroom (Fig. 15). Here the reveals of the windows, and especially that of the arch leading to the recess over the porch, are fretted in the kind of Gothic approved by Chippendale, while on either side of a plain chimneypiece rise two richly crocketed pinnacles, as though straight off the roof of a church. The architraves of the doors are also treated in a conformable manner.

Another very excellent work which seems to be of his time resulted from his expert knowledge of commissariat

arrangements: the kitchens and brewhouse. These are compactly planned in a U-shaped block, set down beyond the oldest part of the house, yet in direct communication with the dining-room by a passage cut through the fifteenth century Queen Anne block, striking the main passage by the archway.

A word must be said of this archway, to be seen in the corner of Fig. 17. Immediately within the ponderous oak doors is another similar arch, and the floor is paved, the stones worn and cracked by heavy wear. It would seem that, when Robert, the builder, set his U-shaped house beside the older one, he required communication for horses between the two, from his back door without having to go round either the new or the old blocks. So he joined the two buildings with a covered archway.

The staircase is of the General's time, and it is a curious attempt at a Gothic version of the pierced panel staircase of Charles II's time, *à la Chippendale*. Very probably the original staircase was there and, also probably, it eventually led to a second floor, the windows of which most probably were set in gables. At the alteration all the gables were incorporated in the upper storey wall, and the top storey itself was excellently arranged with a sky-lit vestibule for a corridor, off which the rooms opened on each side, their doors accurately balancing each other.

The succeeding history of the Honeywoods is obscure. In 1847 the then representatives of the family repainted the stonework of the hall chimneypiece and recorded the fact with their initials, but that seems to have been the extent of their activities. On the death of Mrs. Honeywood in 1895 the house went to Mr. Philip Courtenay Honeywood, a second cousin. He lacked means to retain it, and the house was eventually bought by Mr. Price, the present owner, who has filled it with appropriate furnishing and some excellent pictures. The carved overmantels and panelling are excellent throughout the house, especially these which we illustrate. It is interesting to compare them with the work of earlier Essex carvers in Coggeshall, two miles away, the best of which, at Paycocks, we illustrated not long ago. The gardens of Marks Hall, with the succession of lakes that gives them their character, lie beyond the house to the northward; and as they were amply illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XI, we have this time confined ourselves to the house itself.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

A PLEASURE ESTATE AS FARM.

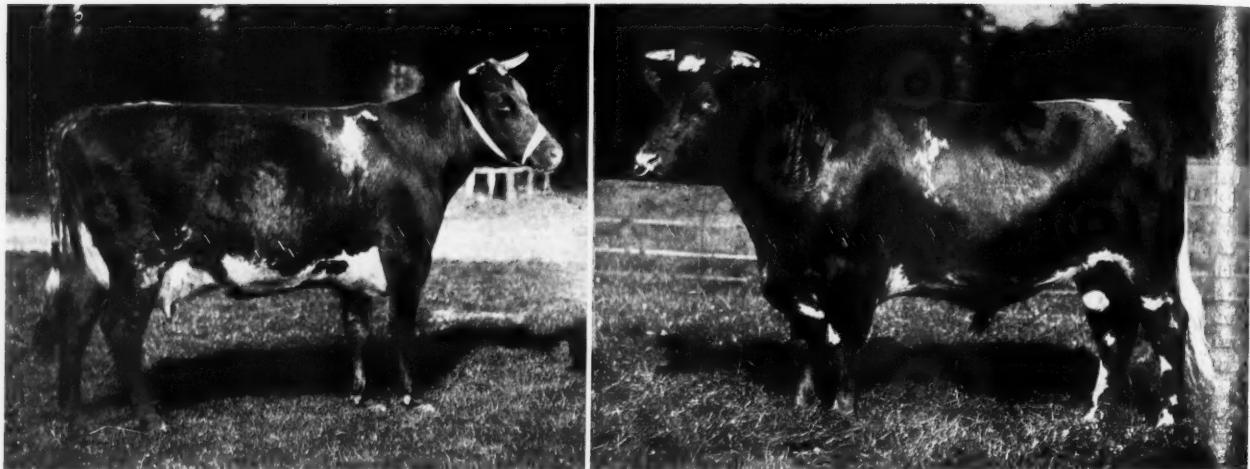
A FEW days ago I was asked by a farming friend from the North to look over a place he has taken in a southern county and discuss his plans. It was of more than passing interest. The place belongs to the head of a great and historic family, who is letting it for the usual reason, viz., that it is too expensive to keep up. The house is modern, very large and convenient. It has, among other possessions, a great library and a noble collection of pictures. They are well worth description, and remain with the other furniture; but, as my immediate interest is the farm, there is no need to say more than that the house is to be utilised as a very first-class school or institute, to be run by the accomplished wife of my agricultural friend. Nor need one dwell on the garden, which, with its vineyards, peach houses, fruit-covered walls and orchards, has already been utilised for market purposes by the owner and found to be a good source of revenue. It will be more useful to deal with the farm, and particularly with the plans of the tenant, a young, well trained and able agriculturist.

EXTENT AND CHARACTER OF THE ESTATE.

There are about 500 acres of land, of which 150 acres are let as a farm, and there is a smaller acreage also let. The park occupies about 74 acres, and the rest is partly woodland and partly arable. Up to now it has been a pleasure estate, with hard and grass tennis courts, beautiful flower borders, and a very productive vegetable garden. Profit has been a secondary consideration, though one could notice signs of awakening. For example, although the pigs, so to speak, are a scratch team, the appearance among them of two or three pedigree Middle Whites seems to indicate a contemplated improvement. The tenant is taking over the well bred pigs, but out of the general herd only those in preparation for the butcher. His reason is that pedigree animals cost no more to keep than cross-breds, are far more certain to please the butcher, and the Middle Whites are noted for their early maturing characteristics.

CATTLE AND HORSES.

A herd of Jerseys has been kept, and the dairy outbuildings are as good as need be desired. I saw the cows in their milking house, a roomy, modern and well ventilated building furnished with excellent stalls of an American pattern. But the animals did not look like being good milkers, and, probably, the owner was satisfied with the mere fact that they were Jerseys. The incoming tenant was not so easily satisfied, and is all for having a herd of pedigree shorthorns to eat the abundant but poor grass in the park. He hopes, by slaggaging it and grazing a herd of hefty well grown stores, that he will produce a vast improvement in the pasture. Common utility horses have been thought sufficient for the farm, and as the new tenant is very keen on horses, he is inclined to go on with them in the meantime. They can be replaced



G. H. Parsons.

LONGHILLS MELODY.

Sold for 1,000 guineas.

by Shires or Clydesdales as they fall out of the running. Of sheep there are none at present, and the possibility of starting a flock is reserved for the future.

SMALLER ANIMALS.

Poultry keeping will be regarded as a marked feature in the future, and the question of equipment for this purpose is engaging great attention. There is, first, the question of erecting houses ; it is admitted by poultry keepers that chickens do best when kept in little flocks of anything between a score and thirty. That means number of little houses, and runs into considerable expense, as the prices of a type judged suitable for the purpose vary from £16 to £20. On the other hand, they might be erected more cheaply, but that involves a great deal of incidental expense and trouble, such as that of finding the right wood and having it of the proper thickness. In very thin wood the knots come out, and wood entirely without knots is difficult to come by as well as being very dear. There is a great deal of thinking to be done also about incubators and the other apparatus needed for hatching

and rearing. No one who has not done it can realise the amount of personal enquiry and correspondence needed before the best material can be had. It was interesting to find that the tenant had been diligently conning the letters of Lady Rachel Byng about the possibilities of breeding and rearing Angora rabbits for a profit. This is a matter which is, naturally, attracting much attention at a time when the ordinary pursuits of husbandry can with difficulty be made to yield a working profit.

A GOOD SHORTHORN SALE.

The sale of Mr. E. A. Smith's herd of dairy shorthorns at Longhills, Lincoln, produced what must be termed excellent results, considering the prices that have prevailed recently. The average worked out at £148 17s. for fifty-four head, the top price being 1,000 guineas, paid by Mr. L. Hignett of Oxford. He first bought the well known winning cow, Longhills Melody, for 1,000 guineas, and afterwards gave the same amount for her two year old offspring, Longhills Musician. We show illustrations of both of these notable dairy shorthorns. PEASCOD.

IS LAND OWNERSHIP ESSENTIAL FOR GOOD SHOOTING?

BY ARTHUR W. BLYTH.

THOSE of us who, during pre-war days, gained our greatest pleasure and delight from shooting under the then-prevailing conditions of land ownership are tempted to speculate on the possibilities of reconstructing, for the purposes of sport, the torn and dismembered fragments to which many of the former estates have been reduced. By all seemings, the old order has gone, never to return. In saying this I am not discounting the possibility that capital may again be devoted to land ownership and its many fascinating problems, thus relieving the farmer of the double call which his resources must now meet. My mind turns rather to the nearest problem of saving from the general wreckage good shooting areas, which might just as well be re-knit for that particular purpose as be allowed to fall into decay.

There can be no doubt that the best shooting in the past was where the landlord managed his own land and knew no greater pleasure than to dispense good sport and old-fashioned hospitality to his friends. Wrenched from him in taxation are the funds which made each estate a happy little kingdom, ruled over by a benevolent squire. Whether the estate has been broken up, or is still retained, the result is much the same—the funds have dried up. Exceptions, of course, remain, but they relate mostly to cases where business supplies the cash and, therefore, demands first call on a man's time, so forbidding that complete occupation in country pursuits, its amenities, tasks and policies which in combination represent the highest satisfaction life is capable of rendering.

Land ownership from the game point of view has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. Let us deal with the advantages first. A well looked after tenantry likes the squire to enjoy himself ; its members form a happy community ; all interests are in common and the family spirit extends right down from the head to the humblest dependant. The keepers and those they meet in the course of their work are all under the same chief, directly or indirectly. The owner who shoots is interested in all that appertains to the land, his efforts to promote the better carrying on of husbandry being repaid by care for sporting productiveness. Being owner of the coverts, he fashions and manages them so as to promote their secondary crop, game ; fresh land is from time to time added to round off the boundaries, and so the perfect whole is gradually developed.

By way of disadvantage is the fact that, human nature being what it is, farmers regard the game thriving on their

land as one of its crops and therefore an unjust deduction from their profits. The Ground Game Act accords them inalienable rights of disturbance, which too often they expect to exercise notwithstanding the efficient work of keepers. Damage to crops is always a bone of contention, the landlord being held responsible, not only for accidents due to game, but often for all the other adverse forces of nature. Finally, there is the fact that to make tenant farming a reasonable financial proposition ownership must be run at a loss, such loss being chargeable to the only remaining asset, that of game. While funds were plentiful, this inequitable burden on game was allowed to remain ; but now that shooting stands on its own pedestal it can no longer consent to meet the losses incidental to the carrying on of a business where the fair price of its produce is not paid by the consumer.

The man who is interested solely in sport can view the conflict of the various interests concerned with equanimity, seeking only a means to save one of the most valuable crops which the land affords from sharing in the general destruction. Shooting commands two distinct and separate markets, if, indeed, there is not a third. One sort of customer is a buyer of sport, the other purchases the game which is sent to market at a time when a gap in supplies would otherwise exist. By way of a third revenue is the value of shooting as an inducement to people of wealth—foreign as well as English—to adopt England as their home. Thus, whatever solution may be found for the land problem—and the heavily mortgaged farmer will agree that one has to be found—we shall be well advised to exercise ingenuity and enterprise in efforts to save the sporting asset from the extinction which threatens it. Perhaps in pursuing that end we may point the way to a solution of the larger issue.

There is nothing new in the idea of hiring good shooting land from farmers and developing its game-producing capacity to the highest level attainable. Many years ago I myself hired from farmers a considerable area of land in Cambridgeshire, and by careful management worked it up to a high state of productiveness. One day in particular stands out in my memory as typical of the kind of thing it was capable of doing. On referring to my game book I find that on October 10th, 1895, our party of four made the following bag : 212 partridges, 241 hares, 212 pheasants, 217 rabbits ; total 882.

Could anybody wish for better or more varied sport than is pictured by these figures ? a result, be it understood, which was

Sept. 29th, 1923.

COUNTRY LIFE.

429

obtained with the full concurrence of the farming interest. Never in my life have I had a claim for damage, partly, no doubt, because I have never practised the intensive rearing of pheasants, my preference being to develop the class of sport which is appropriate to cultivated land, also because a farmer who receives rent for game rights is seldom so unbusinesslike as to begrudge the very modest toll which is taken by a properly managed stock of game. My experience, happy as it was in the instance quoted, contains also its warning; for the whole arrangement was eventually wrecked by the grasping behaviour of a single farmer in the middle of my area. Seeing the results which preservation had secured, he put a prohibitive price on the continuation of my tenancy, the result being that sooner than concede his demand I gave up the whole shooting. The moral is to engage in no such schemes except under the protection of a lease.

As already indicated, the hiring of shooting rights from farmers has definite advantages as compared with pure ownership. In the first place, the acquisition has only shooting in view; it incurs no responsibility connected with the land, farms, buildings, cottages, gates, fences, drainage, forestry, small-holdings, allotments, to name only the chief headings of expense; such money as is available is devoted to the one self-contained purpose, hence there is no leakage to starve the main channel. The second point is that you are dealing with a party who is by law permitted to surrender the entire right of shooting, including those rights which, under the Ground Game Act, a tenant cannot divest himself of when treating with his own landlord. Finally, the agreement being with the man whose land feeds the game, you are assured of his sympathy from the start. From this standpoint the landlord's shooting tenant, if there be one, is by comparison an alien. In the course of my experience I have always found that shooting men who rent from farmers are awarded a more generous stock of ground game than the landlord is able to provide—and this is surely one of the straws which show how the current of feeling runs. So marked, in fact, is the difference between single and dual ownership that I would recommend all owners who do not themselves shoot, or run their shooting on syndicate lines, to surrender all rights to the farmers against a suitable rent adjustment or other *quid pro quo*. The farmer could then barter the much more valuable asset of inclusive shooting rights.

The selection of an area suitable for development as a shoot demands the utmost care and thought. In these motoring days distance in reason is immaterial, hence the power to take over no soil except that which is congenial to game. My own preference is for the class of land to be found in north-west Norfolk, where the soil is light yet of sufficient substance to grow good crops of turnips and barley. Very light lands of the kind to be found in Suffolk are by no means as good, while the heavy clays of Sussex are to my mind useless. Chalk land is on a par with the best light loams. England's varieties of soil are so diversely scattered that no hard and fast rules as to district can be laid down; but so long as good cropping ability in the two staples named is sought, mistakes are hardly possible. For area, the minimum considered should not be less than 1,000 acres, and in this connection I would say better base your plans on this area well keepered, than five times as much badly keepered. The actual site taken must of necessity be governed by the willingness of farmers to let their shooting, and the area must be compact and in a ring fence. Good partridge land should be primarily sought. If there are coverts suitable for pheasants, well and good, but all the better if they are remote from the partridge ground. To take on a shooting, however promising, without security of tenure would be fatal, for results

are gradual and it is heartbreaking when the good season comes to find that the rent has been doubled on one or more of the farms, or a rich neighbour has outbid you.

Where coverts are included, arrangements should, if possible, be made to ensure their maintenance in the interests of game. They must be securely fenced to prevent the fatal incursion of cattle, and, nowadays, of pigs as well. Undergrowth must be dealt with as required, likewise any trees which unduly hamper shooting should be removable, in a word, all reasonable facilities be granted to promote what is, after all, a most desirable purpose. The expense of such operations would very properly be undertaken by the shooting tenant, who might similarly take power to effect such planting of low ground covert and additional holding places as might prove necessary. Without these powers to make improvements, progress towards the ideal that would be always in view would be handicapped.

The person best suited by temperament to carry out the programme here outlined would either be one who is already versed in country affairs or else anxious to learn. If he occupies a neighbouring residence, so much the better, for he can thereby extend his sphere without undertaking burdensome responsibilities. Whoever he may be and wherever he may reside, his special bent should be personal supervision. In conducting a shoot you will always get the best results by going constantly into committee with your keeper and by engaging in heart-to-heart talks with the farmers. Anyone so acting would gradually make himself known and liked over the area where his new interest lies, and he would draw into the ranks of his helpers everybody connected with it, always receiving suggestions and gaining ideas, not only with regard to shooting, but of a kind to enlarge his knowledge of nature. There is joy in managing such a business, and shooting, to be successful, must be so worked. Its natural history aspects are alone so fascinating as to make the season of preparation every bit as attractive as the sport. Endless opportunities present themselves for odd rambles, gun in hand and dog at heel, not to forget the more serious days when a companion shares your pleasures. Whether the work is indulged continuously or in the course of week-end visits, interest is kept alive and the foundations of good health secured.

The keeper chosen for such a place should be rather a first-class trapper than an expert in the latest rearing system, for while you can have good shooting without rearing, you get nothing whatsoever without trapping. A secondary quality of almost equal importance is tactfulness in dealing with every grade of worker on the land, and the term includes not only those falling within the strict definition, but railway workers on the line—if there happen to be one running through the place—road menders, policemen—in fact, all with whom the passing of the time of day means something more than polite greeting. A good keeper, resourceful and all things to all men, is essential to a good shoot.

In the matter of general policy there must be many differences of working as compared with the squire system of conducting such a shoot. While prodigal expenditure should be avoided as bringing about an undesirable spirit, a much more generous distribution of game and rabbits than ordinarily prevails should certainly be put into force. The owner who is encumbered with heavy expenses may be forgiven for closely scrutinising the market returns; but the tenant's is another case altogether. He comes from outside and is mainly concerned with the sport, paying a fee, so to speak, for the right of encouraging and securing what others have fed and cared for during the year. If, therefore, he adopts a liberal policy, he is but paying a tribute which he might not be able to take were his attitude parsimonious. All



W. A. Rouch.

BEHIND A LOW FENCE.

Copyright.

labour, whether actually working on the land or pursuing its tasks in the vicinity, should be liberally rewarded. The brace or two of birds for the farmer's own consumption should be replaced by a generous delivery for consignment to his friends; likewise the parson, the schoolmaster, the road surveyor and all others having a status in the neighbourhood should be made to realise that even if *le squire est mort*, it is still a case of *vive le squire*. The same spirit of "Halves, Partner," should be applied to the arrangement of farmers' shoots. Let them have plenty of sport, a first-rate lunch—and all on their own; for on this occasion, at least, the host does well to let a good deed speak for itself. Later on in the winter there should be a feast for the celebration of a year well spent. A good speech emphasising the cordial relations which have been built up and the mutual interests that are being served would be followed by a still better entertainment, the whole forming a landmark in the lives of people whose social atmosphere is ill furnished compared with that of town workers. The cost of providing these amenities is, in all conscience, small, for, after all, in giving game you are probably parting with what you would not otherwise get. In holding farmers' shoots you are but returning a tithe of the benefits which have been delivered in very full measure, while in providing an annual entertainment you are but doing your own proper share in the task of uniting the classes which are being riven asunder by the unwise teaching of the pernicious doctrines of communism.

The conduct of shooting on small areas presents many nice problems quite different from those which face the owner of a large domain where game is plentiful and the number of fixtures in the season is relatively few. The methods to be adopted are as various as the problems presented. Perhaps, no finer satisfaction can be gained than the careful manoeuvring that a small shoot entails—that is, when the best is being made of all opportunities. How can one express in a few words what has taken a life to learn—the high strategy, the tactics and even the devices by which opportunities are made or converted into success? Well I remember a certain day in October several

years ago when that horrid monster "The way we always do it" was thrown in my face. There were but half a dozen fields with a nice piece of roots in the middle; custom ordained that we should walk the birds from the stubbles into the roots, pursue them there, walk the roots in line and kill a bird or two out of unbroken coveys in the good old way. Instead, after having walked some good coveys into the roots, my friend and I (for there were only two of us) chose stands behind a tall fence at one corner of the root field, directing the beaters how to walk the ground so as to send the birds over us. Thus, we not only got some nice driven shots, but, what is more, broke up the coveys. Then we again walked the stubbles, getting some pretty shooting from the scattered and now close-lying birds. Once more we did the drive, this time with birds coming over in twos and threes, and wonderful to relate, repeated the whole performance a third time to our entire satisfaction. True, we took all the toll that piece of ground was able to stand for the season, but how much better than constantly harrying the birds and shooting them under conditions far more injurious to stock.

The sportsman's year on a small shoot (though it need not necessarily be small) would make the subject for an article by itself. This time I have addressed myself to the measures that make the programme possible. The material being there, who cannot find real pleasure in proceeding from the small beginnings at rabbits, snipe and wildfowl before the opening of the season proper, the start on the "burrs," in October the killing of boundary pheasants and the partridge drives, so leading up to the time when the coverts are shot; after that, smaller bags of finer quality when the cocks, in full plumage, fly their best and highest; finally the hare drives and, maybe, some days in the rabbit warren? The programme is as well filled and as varied as the greatest enthusiast could wish, while throughout the time ideas for future improvement are constantly suggesting themselves. The General and his Chief of Staff often compare notes on these matters and plan much interesting work for the so-called off season. For the master should always be the chief in command and his head keeper his chief of staff.

MARK RUTHERFORD

MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM has written for the seventeenth impression of *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.) a very fine Memorial Introduction, which has no fault beyond the very pardonable one in a writer of biography of letting his admiration approach very nearly to idolatry. "Since Bunyan," he says, "English Puritanism has produced one imaginative genius of the highest order," and this is W. Hale White, who is best known by his pen-name Mark Rutherford, adopted from the most famous of his books. In spite of very great admiration for the work of Hale White, one would scruple to apply to him such high phrase as "an imaginative genius of the highest order." It seems to leave no superlative wherewith to describe a new Shakespeare if one were forthcoming; but *trop de zèle* is not a deadly offence in a biographer. Having said so much, it is a pleasure to acknowledge what a masterly little essay Mr. Massingham has written. It begins with a touch of biography on his own account, when he recalls himself as a boy holding "copy" for a proof-reader at the office of an East Anglian newspaper. Every week, in that position, he had to read the weekly London letter of the journal, and, though the topics were of no great variety, they formed a very agreeable change from the work of "checking the items in auctioneers' lists and rehearsing the simple ritual of tea-meetings in country chapels." The letters brought a breath of London literary life to East Anglia. They would describe "some ceremonial freak of a High Church clergyman, treated with an irony highly agreeable to the readers of a Non-conformist newspaper," and from time to time there was a whiff from the theatres, particularly criticism of the Shakespearean dramas when Irving was deep in his revivals of them. Years later, when the little copyholder himself filled an editorial chair, he recognised the handwriting of his most famous contributor and read in the *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* the incident of "Mark's" engagement to write London letters for a couple of provincial journals. This leads the way to a piece of excellent criticism. It is, that White "touches the great Victorians at three characteristic points—their science, their romantic melancholy, and their revolt from traditional religion." The young man revolted from something more than traditional religion. He found the life of a little provincial town much more provincial than it is to-day—petty and gossipy and narrow in the extreme. How irksome all this must have been to the young preacher must be evident from a glance at the fine photograph, dated 1887, which serves as frontispiece to the book. Intellect shines from it. Mr. Massingham holds that White discovered in the circle of a Dissenting minister a world that

had not previously been touched. The Dissent of the time was, indeed, only dry ashes from which the fire had gone out. He was born at Bedford on December 22nd, 1831. He belonged to the same countryside as Cromwell and Bunyan, and he said himself that Dissent had been strong ever since the Commonwealth, but its early enthusiasm had utterly faded and given place to a great deal of formalism and more than a suspicion of cant. The last thing to be encouraged was independence and range of thought. When he was at New College, St. John's Wood, he received, like every other student of divinity, the Canon as a divinely sealed institution, but he and two other students had doubts about that. The expression of these doubts was stopped in a manner that might have been copied from the Papacy. "'The formation of the Canon,' said the Principal, 'was not an open question within these walls.'" Hale White was expelled without any opening being given him of justification or even debate. No one told him wherein he had committed a breach of the trust deeds of the College. Mr. Massingham does not think that it really affected White so closely as it did "Mark Rutherford" in the novel. It caused the Puritan garb, however, to fade quietly away. He took to reading Wordsworth and imbibing the Wordsworthian sense of natural beauty, so that henceforth his vision of a "living God was something very different from the artificial God of the Churches." Study of science also brought a consolation with it, and yet the net result was to strengthen in him what was good in Puritanism. His worldly career began to take a different form altogether. John Chapman of the *Westminster Review* engaged him as a publisher's canvasser or "subscriber" for his books. What was, perhaps, of more consequence was that in the Strand he formed many friends, among whom was George Eliot. After that he became a Registrar of Births and Deaths; then he passed into the Civil Service, first in the Registrar-General's office and then into the Admiralty. He was now in a much better position, and was admitted to the friendship of John Ruskin, William Morris and others who were either Pre-Raphaelites or related to them by intellect and sympathy. He could now give expression to the literary ideas that had been floating in his mind, and got into the territory that was specially his own. His books nearly all go back to his early life, that is to say, to the world of the little provincial town of Cowfold, which was Hale White's Bedford. It was a world of small farmers, merchants, traders, shopkeepers, and carriers, and the atmosphere in which he saw them was that of the Baptist or Methodist chapel. As Mr. Massingham most truly remarks, the novelist had no rival in that particular section of society. Fielding scarcely acknowledges its existence,

nor did his great rival Richardson, and far less Laurence Sterne. They ignored the existence of what Mr. Massingham calls the "thin, flat garden of the soul that lay between these great spiritual and social estates and the actual tillage of the soil." In this, Mr. Massingham undoubtedly touches with a needle the most interesting aspect of Hale White's career. His life of four-score years lay in a period when England was passing out of the slumbrous atmosphere of the eighteenth into the vigour and greatness of the nineteenth century. By accident or otherwise, at the epoch when invention and discovery were revolutionising the social habits of man, a great intellectual change was going on likewise. The hide-bound traditions of the past, the mechanical observance of the conventional beliefs, were subjected to an analysis and scrutiny that modified even where it did not produce a fundamental change. Hale White was not a great figure in the procession of giants, but he must be numbered among them, and the story of his life, as revealed by his books and elucidated by the most sympathetic of his admirers, runs like a silver thread through the history of that era of mental revolution.

THE WATSONS.

THE mystery of *The Watsons* is in its way as disturbing as the mystery of "Edwin Drood" or "Christabel," but the question is not so much "How did it end?" as "Why did it not have an end?" Why was it put so definitely on one side, though the author wrote several more novels later? It is supposed to have been written at Bath later than the writing of "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility" but before their publication. It is not mentioned in any of Jane Austen's letters, but the manuscript bears the watermarks of 1804 and 1805.

Lately, *The Watsons* (until now only included in the "Memoir" by James Edward Austen Leigh, which is out of print) has been published almost simultaneously by two firms. One (Leonard Parsons, 6s.) gives it as left by the author, not even divided into chapters. The other edition (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) is divided into chapters and completed by Miss Oulton, herself a great lover of Jane Austen. She is stated to have "carried out a difficult task so successfully that the reader will share with the members of the Austen family, to whom she showed her work, an inability to recognise the place where she takes up the story from her gifted predecessor."

The statement is literally correct. It would be as impossible to pick out the exact sentence where Miss Austen stopped and Miss Oulton began as it would be for the passing traveller to pick out the exact yard of ground where England becomes Scotland. But once well across the Border there are indications that he is in a different country, and once well into Miss Oulton's part of the book there are plain signs that it is not by Jane.

In *The Watsons* we have one of Jane Austen's favourite themes: a family of sisters with certain disadvantages—in this case, poverty—and their relations to some members of a haughtier family who are attracted, sometimes against their will, by the charming personality of some of the girls of the lowlier household. All this is brought out in one of Jane's inimitable ballroom scenes (one remembers them in nearly every one of her novels) and a few subsequent events, and then the story stops short in mid-career.

The two families in this book are the Osbornes of Osborne Castle and the Watsons, "who were poor and had no close carriage." Lord Osborne is in love with Emma Watson. Emma loves Mr. Howard, "formerly tutor to Lord Osborne, now clergyman of the parish in which the castle stood," and Lady Osborne (Lord Osborne's mother) is in love with him, too.

In the preface to the finished story we learn that Jane Austen's nephew thought that the reason she left it unfinished was "that the author became aware of the evil of having placed her heroine too low, in such a position of poverty and obscurity as, though not necessarily connected with vulgarity, has a sad tendency to degenerate into it; and, therefore, like a singer who has begun on too low a note she discontinued the strain." Which seems rather hard on the clergyman who was Emma's father.

Mr. A. B. Walkley, in the preface to the unfinished edition, thinks that few readers will consider the mystery solved "by her nephew's naive conjecture that she fought shy of a heroine whose circumstances were 'likely to be unfavourable to the refinement of a lady.'" His guess is that a battle royal between Lady Osborne and Emma was inevitable. "But that scene had already, in all essentials, been done, exploited, exhausted, in 'Pride and Prejudice.' The author had taken the wind out of her own sails."

My own suggestion is simpler still. Jane Austen, feeling that the book lacked the crispness and genial cynicism (though she would not have called it that) of her other works, put it on one side, and then, having begun "Mansfield Park," lost interest in *The Watsons* and never troubled to finish it.

Not that the book is wanting in interest to Jane Austen's lovers. The scenes are well constructed, and there are many Jane-ish touches in it; but it is decidedly less spirited than the six immortal novels.

Jane had told Cassandra, her sister, one or two of her ideas for the working out of her theme, and we learn that a notebook had been found after her own death indicating the lines on which Miss Oulton has now finished the book.

One sign that we have crossed the Border is that we begin to find little sentimental touches which Jane would never have allowed. Also, the writer probes beneath the surface, whereas Jane looked at life from the outside. Contrast the two ballroom scenes, one by each writer.

In the short space that Lady Osborne had stood there it seemed to her that all the comedy and tragedy of the ball had been revealed to her

does not ring true to Jane. Neither do the Italian scenes. Jane Austen never touched on a foreign country or another nation. That is really no reason why Miss Oulton should not do so: and yet it does most successfully dissipate the Austen atmosphere which ought to have been most carefully preserved.

Here are Mr. Howard and Lady Osborne in Italy:

Her beauty was wonderfully preserved; her fair hair untouched by time; her eyes undimmed; and a bright colour in her cheeks, as she walked along under the perfect blue of the Italian sky. As they turned down the "Way of the Beautiful Ladies," he could not but acknowledge how well she fulfilled the tradition . . .

"Do you remember," she asks, "the Sacristan, in Santa Croce, telling us of the priceless frescoes of Giotto that lay hidden under the whitewash on the walls of the Chapel of the Bardi della Liberta? It makes me think of how often so much lies hidden from us by an even slighter veil—a gossamer so slender that we may afterwards come to wonder what obstacle it could have presented to us . . ."

Her bright colour had faded and there was a look of weariness and lassitude on her face. As in the picture, it was the face of one who had suffered, and would yet again suffer, before she laid her head on the quiet pillow of her grave.

And there is too much discussion as to whether Emma is "a lady." The word in Jane Austen's days held no half-shades and presented no problem. "A perfect lady," as Lady Osborne called her, was a creation of a later date.

And this is Mr. Howard at Osborne Castle:

As he entered his old apartment, he was again conscious of uneasiness. It had been freshly decorated, and refurnished, and there was an air of luxury which somehow repelled him. . . .

Now, Miss Austen would never have understood being repelled by luxury. Why, she positively revelled in the idea of it! One of the few occasions on which we feel a trifle uneasy about our Jane is when she writes to Cassandra:

People get so horribly poor and economical in this part of the world that I have no patience with them. Kent is the only place for happiness; everybody is rich there.

It would be most unfair and unkind ever to take a letter to a sister seriously, but, no—Jane was not repelled by luxury, neither could she have created a character sensitive to its oppression.

I. B.

IN AN EASTERN SUBURB.

"MANY will ask why this chronicle has been made," observes Mr. Stephen Graham on the last page of *Under-London* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), the result of his first plunge into novel-writing. The answer gives a key to the book. "Under-London" is a nameless eastern suburb, a part of that world which was indicated by Sir Fopling Flutter when he said "Beyond Hyde Park all is desert." In the desert people live, move and have their being, and the answer of the author to his own question is, that he has "thought it worth while, because Dolly has begotten Dolly and Dennis, and Under-London is begetting Under-London all the while. And if Under-London knows little of itself the upper world knows less." It is a striking thesis to work out, even if it will not stand the eugenics test. What Sir Fopling Flutter termed the desert is, in reality, peopled by a great variety of inhabitants. In it there is continual flux. Nowhere is there more coming and going. It is not static like a country village. It would be as true to say that it is eternally changing as that it is standing still. Only the human boys and girls who form the *dramatis personae* of the author's world remain the same, because childhood is, in a way, unaffected by changes. The child may be a little more or a little less sophisticated or barbarous, but the main features remain what they always were. The district chosen by the author is one which any of the great realists—Zola or Maxim Gorky, for example—might have chosen for the scene of a drama. It is a land where the King's English is treated with scant ceremony, and yet, properly speaking, it has no dialect. Here is a specimen of the *patois*. The speakers have just escaped capture after a fight which the schoolmaster had been watching from a window:

"Pretty nigh copped us, did old Simp," said he.

"He'd 'a rushed us all to the Gov.," said Bobby Spicer.

"I shouldn't 'a cared," said Bill Brass. "I'd 'a stood up to 'im if 'e'd tried to use the stick on me. Blime, I would."

They make peace at the suggestion of one who says: "Garn, Fred, give 'im yer 'and." Very little comment is passed on the action, but surely satire winged the description of "English as she was taught" in the Under-London Collegiate School. Anyone hearing what was going on from the outside might have been forgiven for mistaking the school for a lunatic asylum. One class is reciting Weights and Measures:

Sept. 29th, 1923.

"Two pints one quart, Four quarts one gallon," and going on from that to "Twenty-four grains one pennyweight, Twenty pennyweights one ounce." Another class is bid to "Take out your Poetries for Repetition," and with great energy reads simultaneously "The Death of Bohun," with the stage direction: "Read it as if you were on the battlefield yourselves," so that to the music of the Weights and Measures is added that scene so "gay yet fearful to behold." The ecstasy seemed to be contagious, for another class burst out in a recitation of the irregular French verbs, and yet another doing History began to chant:

"Ten sixty-six does the Conqueror arrive,

And of all of their lands the Saxon deprive."

So that until Jove, in the person of the headmaster, intervened, the place was a Bedlam let loose. The only comment by the author is the heading of the chapter, which is "Happy Days."

An agreeable chapter on Guy Fawkes Day follows this description. The children go about shouting a piece of rhyme beginning:

"The-old-guy-of-Brooks Green,

The worst old guy that ever was seen."

The story has no plot except that which is supplied by the moving hand of Time. Childish ways disappear, and the youngsters settle down to callings that burlesque their ambitions.

As has been said, the book is realistic in character, and the characters in it live rather as groups than as individuals. Sometimes it puts one in mind of Mr. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," and more often it recalls the close transcriptions from life of some of the Russian novelists, but yet it has a character of its own. Nothing is imitated or copied in it, but the author has read very widely and is probably more under the influence of certain favourite writers than he is conscious of.

English Furniture: Its Essentials and Characteristics, by John C. Rogers, A.R.I.B.A. (COUNTRY LIFE Library, 21s.)

THIS is a book primarily concerned with craftsmanship—methods of construction during successive periods of English furniture. It supplies a want, for as yet very little has been produced on the practical side, attention being mainly concentrated on the historic, social and artistic aspects of the subject. To the last of these the question of construction is closely related. As Mr. Rogers remarks, "the true appreciation of works of



AN OAK WARDROBE.
Circa 1760. A country-made piece, possibly from Lancashire.



A WALNUT BUREAU ON STAND.
Circa 1705.

art is the natural outcome of possessing not merely an acquaintance but a thorough grasp of their qualities, obvious and obscure." If we are to realise the greatness of Gothic architecture we must seek to understand the structural problems that the mediæval builder set himself to solve; similarly, we shall see far more in a cabriole leg than an elegant curve when the process of making it has been fully explained to us.

Mr. Rogers is well equipped for this task: he knows how to be technical without being dull. His expositions, supplemented by many admirable diagrams, are a model of lucidity, and his historical notes just what were required by way of commentary. In the plan of the book the reader's convenience has been carefully considered. Long explanatory titles accompany each illustration and supply a concise summary of its principal characteristics, thus obviating the necessity of hunting through the text. In a brief survey much must be omitted, but Mr. Rogers might with advantage have devoted a few lines to the "pin hinge," a feature almost universal in thirteenth century chests and frequently found at a later date; "farthingale chairs" also deserved mention, for, as the forerunners of upholstered furniture, they have an evolutionary importance quite out of proportion to their numbers. It is a little surprising to find a writer so cautious and well informed accepting the theory that the cabriole leg was introduced from Holland. The etymology of the word alone would be a strong argument

in favour of a French origin, and, as Mr. Tipping has remarked in a monograph devoted to the period when the cabriole became dominant, "France under Louis XIV was supreme in arts and crafts, and most departures originated in her workshops." We are also unable to agree with Mr. Rogers that splay-fronted buffets are "late examples." It is not long since one inlaid with the Tudor rose was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE with the date 1585 assigned to it. But these are trifling matters, in no way affecting the worth of the book. The author is well aware that to master the methods is not to capture the secret; as well might we hope that a detailed analysis of Mlle. Lenglen's strokes would enable us to rival her performance on the Centre Court at Wimbledon. Somehow or other, there once was a time, and it was long ago, when forms "capable of being very ugly" were "generally rendered to perfection" by English craftsmen. The wind bloweth where it listeth—perhaps one day that time will return. R. E.



A WALNUT CHAIR IN THE MANNER OF
DANIEL MAROT.
Circa 1695.

Sept. 29th, 1923.

CORRESPONDENCE

ALSATIANS AND AIREDALES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article in COUNTRY LIFE of September 8th, which deals with Alsatians, by Sir John Foster Fraser. I am sure Sir John will excuse me pointing out an error in this article where he states that "During the war, when the experiment was made with Airedales, not very successfully, the Alsatians were shell-shock proof." As Commandant of the War Dog School during the war, I had the selection and training of every dog which went to the British Army, and I may state that not a single Alsatian was sent to our troops. Why, indeed, should such a thing have been done when we have quantities of our own native breeds which are infinitely better? I append a list of breeds which is representative of the dogs sent out to the Western Front to the British Army during a certain period of the war from the War Dog School. This list represents one month's output, and is also representative of the breeds used during the entire war.

ONE MONTH'S OUTPUT.

Breed of Dog.	No.	Breed of Dog.	No.
Collies ..	74	Bull terriers ..	5
Lurchers ..	70	Greyhounds ..	2
Airedales ..	66	Eskimos ..	2
Sheepdogs ..	36	Dalmatians ..	2
Retrievers ..	33	Bedlington ..	2
Irish terriers ..	18	Pointers ..	2
Spaniels ..	11	Bulldogs ..	1
Deerhounds ..	6	Whippets ..	1
Setters ..	4		
Welsh terriers ..	5	Total ..	304

During the whole war over 2,000 dogs of the above breeds were used by the British Army. These German sheepdogs, or "Alsatians" as they are being called for selling purposes since the Armistice, are being boomed at present in this country. After our deadly war it is difficult to know why Britishers allow this German alien to attempt to oust our superior breeds. In this German "Alsatian" sheep-dog there are many intelligent specimens. The Germans train one or two of such picked dogs up to a high degree of efficiency, and then exhibit them with statements which imply that every dog of this breed is capable of this performance. Such is, of course, not the case. The nature of their calling, namely, tending sheep, which has kept them for several generations in isolated places, makes them nervous, and sometimes ferocious with strangers. This being the commonest dog in Germany, they have made use of this tendency in connection with their police for catching criminals, etc. As a matter of fact, Airedales are quite as good for this work as the Alsatians, and before the war quantities of Airedales were purchased in this country by Germany for their police, and many of the German police trainers greatly preferred our Airedales for this work.—E. H. RICHARDSON, Lieutenant-Colonel (Late Commandant of the British War Dog School during the war).

[It is a great pity to undervalue one dog at the expense of another. The merits of the Airedale are, of course, well known, as is the fact that Colonel Richardson is an authority upon them. At the same time, many people qualified to judge, including a number

of British officers, hold a high opinion of the Alsatian. In order to show the other side of the screen we sent Colonel Richardson's letter to Sir John Foster Fraser, who writes: "Colonel Richardson must accept the statement that I got my information from those best qualified to speak. He himself admits he has had no experience of Alsatians in war work. The French had, and General Jouhart is now, I understand, directing his whole time in training such dogs for the French Army. Colonel Richardson says these German sheepdogs are called 'Alsatians' for selling purposes. My friend, Mr. F. N. Pickett of Welham Manor, Hatfield, is not a dealer in dogs like the gallant Colonel, but undertook breeding Alsatians because, during the three years he was breaking down British surplus ammunition in France, he came to appreciate their value in guarding the 'dumps.' He tells me that Airedales, however excellent in many ways, cannot be relied upon under fire. Of course, as a dealer in Airedales, it is natural Colonel Richardson should champion them and deprecate Alsatians. Mr. Pickett, who has no financial interest in breeding but is desirous that the War Office should adopt the best dog available, is quite willing, in the friendliest spirit, to match his Alsatians with the Colonel's Airedales, in any of the usual tests, for £50, the money to be handed over to a charity."—Ed.]

NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

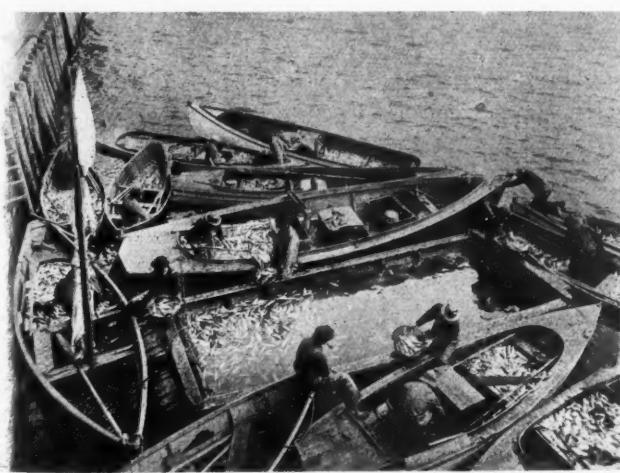
SIR,—Practically 30,000 men are engaged in the Nova Scotian fisheries, and the capital invested runs into nearly 8½ millions of dollars, which sum even is not commensurate with the possibilities of the industry now that new methods, including motor boats for inshore fishing, have been brought into play. Weather conditions no longer upset the fishermen's calculations. The bank fisheries are managed by means of schooners—small 100 ton craft, but able and seaworthy vessels, nevertheless. The bulk of the cod is landed by them. The fishermen set trawls from their flat-bottomed rowing boats, each of which will set about 4,000 hooks, so that a schooner with ten dories, as they call these rowing boats, will set about 40,000 hooks. The inshore fishing, however, is carried on in smaller craft and manned by any number from two to ten men, some of them using the dory and trawl, others the hand line. The otter trawl, so much used in the British fisheries, is scarcely in vogue on this coast. Mackerel and herrings are caught in nets, moored not very far from the shore, while drift net fishing, although not much in practice, has proved very practicable. There can be little question that the herring on the Nova Scotia coasts are more abundant and finer than those on the coast of Great Britain, which is scarcely strange since, from the Bay of Fundy to the Straits of Belle Isle there is a fishing area more than double the size of Great Britain and Ireland. Smelts, salmon, trout and large quantities of eels are the chief yields of the inland fisheries. These are frequently frozen and sent over the lines of the Canadian National Railways to all parts of Canada and the neighbouring cities of the United States. Salmon fishing is carried on in

the Medway, La Have, Margaree and the Restigouche, the last-named river having become famous purely on account of the wonderful fish that frequent its waters. All the ports have excellent transport arrangements, being served by the Canadian National Railways, whose lines not only span the Dominion, but reach the great industrial centres of the United States.—B. H.

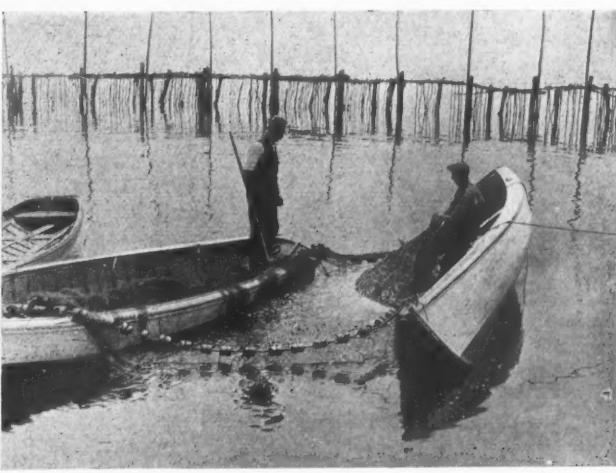
THE INDIAN JUNGLE FOWL IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I thought it might interest your readers to know that the real wild Indian jungle fowl lives and flourishes very happily in England. I have got several hens and a splendid old cock. The cock is very fierce and brave, and he fights birds three times as big as himself. He has a handsome green tail and his comb and wattles are very large and red; in his wings he has blue, green, black, and a few dull orange feathers. His neck hackles are a bright orange colour, also his saddle hackles, which are very long. When he was young his legs were yellow, but are now going grey. His spurs are magnificent, over one inch in length, and in his breast are bright blue and green feathers. Altogether he is a very fine specimen of an Indian jungle cock. I also possess a young cock, which is growing up very like his father. The pullets are very subdued in their dress, but, like the males, have an orange coloured neck hackle, of not quite such a brilliant hue. Their legs are yellow and the rest of them lovely shades of brown. They are fierce in defence of their young, though they are easily tamed and become most docile and affectionate little pets, and make excellent sitters and mothers. Their habits, however, remain wild, and it is necessary to clip one wing to keep them within bounds. They roost in the trees, and, if not watched, will make their nests in the garden shrubberies. They love to build their nests in the ground periwinkle plant and to completely hide themselves and their eggs among it. A friend who lived in India gave me my first pair, which I bred from. The lovely little birds are very sweet with their babies, feeding them on slugs and whatever tit-bits they find in the garden. Lately, I watched a tiny chick trying to break a huge worm it had got hold of, but all in vain; it was not strong enough. The mother came to the rescue, caught one end of the worm in her beak and tried to break it; and in her violent efforts to do so, she lifted the chick, still hanging on to the end of the worm, right off its feet and swung them both round and round in mid-air over her head! The chick would not let go and was finally hurled into a thick yew hedge. Quickly recovering and scrambling out, it found the worm broken up into dainty morsels by its mother, and much enjoyed its long-delayed repast. The birds are getting older and are now allowed to roam about the garden. When "bed-time" comes, I catch hold of the mother bird, keeping her feet on the ground, and the chicks run up to us and jump on to her back. Then I raise the hen in my arms, with her family on her back, and carry them all back to the coop for the night. Perhaps some of your many readers may know and admire this charming and interesting little breed of birds, as I do.—R. L. TAYLOR.



LANDING THE CATCH AT LUNENBURG.



SMELT FISHING OFF THE COAST OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Sept. 29th, 1923.

LARGE CLUTCH OF CURLEW'S EGGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A clutch of five curlew's eggs in one nest is so unusual as to be worth mentioning. It was found in June last on a remote moor not far from Grayrigg on the Westmorland fells.—H. W. ROBINSON.

BEGINNING YOUNG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed snapshot might amuse those of your readers who are interested in sheep. The small boy (Ieuan Evans), though only four years old, is the owner of 1,500 Welsh mountain sheep, all of which he marked himself after the shearing, and he worked at the dipping



A FOUR YEAR OLD SHEEP OWNER.

from ten in the morning until six in the evening, and would only stop for a piece of bread and butter at midday.—VIOLA EVANS.

THE MICHAELMAS GOOSE AND ITS ORIGIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Michaelmas is approaching and, no doubt, the geese are growing fat. I have been considering any possible connection between the Archangel and a goose, remembering the old lines of Churchill :

" September when by custom (right divine),
Geese are ordained to bleed on Michael's
shrine."

I am always interested in the origin of ancient observances, and I have been trying to find out something about this one. It seems to have been transferred from Martinmas, and a comical old legend declares that the saint died after eating roast goose, and so all good Christians have agreed to sacrifice a goose yearly on his festival! Not even the most wildly extravagant legend seems able to connect St. Michael with a goose; but one picturesque story explains the eating of the bird upon his festival. It is a pity that discrepancy of dates makes it almost impossible to give credence to this yarn, for it might well give an added zest to the fare of Michaelmas. Queen Bess is said to have been eating roast goose when the news came of the destruction of the Armada, and, seizing a bumper of wine, to have declared, " Henceforth shall a goose commemorate this great victory." Tradition says that this happened on September 29th, while the Thanksgiving Service for the defeat of the Armada was held at St. Paul's on August 29th, a fact somewhat difficult to account for! The sober truth seems to be that roast goose was associated with Michaelmas in far earlier days. It is on record that John de la Hay was bound to pay to William Baranaby, Lord of Lastres in the County of Hereford, "one goose fit for the lord's dinner on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel." This was in the fifteenth century. George Gascoigne, writing in 1575, supplies another explanation of the Michaelmas goose :

" And when the tenants come to pay their quarter's rent
They bring some fowl at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent,
At Christmas a capon, at Michaelmas a goose.
And somewhat else at New Year's tide, for fear the lease fly loose."

And therein, it seems to me, we find the real explanation of the whole custom, and it is borne out by many records. The system of stubble feeding rendered geese in perfection at that season, and so the practice arose of

carrying a nice fat bird to propitiate the landlord, at the same time that his rent fell due. As this custom spread and became established, friends and relations were often invited to share the festive board. And so, with the passing of years, goose was acknowledged as the correct Michaelmas fare, and superstition added the interesting touch that those who ate would ensure a year's good luck.—FEDDEN TINDALL.

SEEDS FOR SEPTEMBER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can you give me a list of flower seeds, annual or perennial, that can be sown in September to flower next year?—NOVICE.

[The last week in September is the best time to sow sweet peas for early flowering next season. A certain amount of winter loss is inevitable, so do not choose the newest and dearest kinds, and sow thickly, thinning out severely, however, in spring. For the rest, all hardy annuals may be sown in September, especially Shirley poppy, eschscholtzia, godetia, nemophila, limnanthes, annual chrysanthemums, adonis, Alyssum maritimum, calandrinia (rock purslane), calendula (Scotch marigold), cornflower, clarkia, collinsia, coreopsis, larkspur, erysimum, gypsophila, iberis, ionopodium, lavatera, linaria, lupin, lychnis, love-in-a-mist (nigella), mignonette, saponaria and Silene pendula. If a glasshouse is available, seed of perennial lupins may be sown, which, if given good culture, will flower next year.—ED.]

RAINBOWS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some years ago, at Harrogate, I saw a moonlight rainbow, white and without any trace of colour, exactly as described by your correspondent. I have also had the good fortune to see what is possibly a rarer sight, a rainbow in full circle: I was standing close to the edge of the Swannege cliffs with a sheer drop in front to the sea, and the sun behind; a shower came up from behind, and as it passed out to sea a complete rainbow at once formed—the lower as well as the upper part of the circle. The lower half vanished as the shower drew further out.—C. A. R.

MEMORIALS OF CONVICT DAYS IN TASMANIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In Tasmania are many interesting records of the convict days and convict labour in Tasmania. At Port Arthur, the historic convict settlement on Tasman's Peninsula, the memorials of these early times are carefully preserved by the Government. The church in the foreground of the photograph was built to hold five hundred people. It was never consecrated, as one convict knocked another from the tower and killed him. The main road and the bridges were also made by convict labour. The Ross Bridge to the Tasmanian Midlands, a three-arch bridge of freestone, is a fine example of their work. Each arch is carved, like the one shown in the photograph.—J. A. D. PHILLIPS.

THE RETRIEVER THAT CHAPERONE A PONY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I thought the enclosed photograph of the retriever and the pony feeding might



A POSITION OF TRUST.

interest you. The retriever, which is only a year old and has never been properly trained, looks after the pony every evening in the clover field, and after an hour or so leads him down to the farmyard. One evening, after he had watched the pony for an hour, he brought him back to the yard, and finding no one there to open the gate, he led him over to the house and brought him right up to the back door. He is very fond of the pony, which quite returns his affection.—M. LLOYD.



THE BRIDGE THE CONVICTS BUILT IN TASMANIA.



THE OLD CHURCH AT PORT ARTHUR.

THE ADVENTURE OF PAPYRUS IN AMERICA

HOW WILL HE FARE?

BY the time these notes are in print our Derby winner, Papyrus, will be in the Land of the Free. He carries with him the good wishes of all who would like to see our horse prevail in a match which was not made on this side. It was of the making of the Americans, and because, for one thing, the folk on the other side are not given to making matches unfavourable to themselves, it is assumed that they must have something up their sleeve good enough to leave plenty of margin for the trouncing of our champion. Apart from that, it is recognised that confinement in a box on a ship at sea for a week or so—no matter how sumptuous the berth may be—is not part of the orthodox training of a horse for a serious event to be decided only three weeks afterwards. The wise men whom Papyrus has left behind have done much head-shaking, and they have grown melancholy from looking grave when considering the world-shaking matter. "How can he win?" they ask. "How did he win?" they will murmur, should they be proved to have been building on wrong premises. They will say the best American horse in such an event is no better than what we should class as a selling-plater. Papyrus is in for discredit in any case—from those who see no more in the expedition than sordid lust after dollars.

The view I take is that, fit and well, and other things being equal, our Derby winner would prove better over a mile and half than the best horse in America. Naturally, Americans do not take that view or presumably the project emanating from them would never have been conceived. They want to prove that they are right, and they would immensely like to think that they can produce the best thoroughbred, as they can apparently the best yacht, the best polo team, the best long-distance swimmers and wonderful golfers. I have said that I would not for a moment agree with them were neither side to be placed at disadvantage as regards training, fitness and jockeyship. The only question where Papyrus is concerned is as to how much he can afford to give away and still win. Can he, for instance, lose that week on board during which his physical system is slowly but surely relaxing? Will he adapt himself to the American dirt track, whereas all his career has been concerned with galloping on turf? Has he the necessary time between landing this week-end and the race in which to pick up?

It depends largely on the horse himself. Were Papyrus a large sized individual, say, as Captain Cuttle was, he would never shake off that grossness which would come on him as a result of the confinement in the ship. Were he a highly strung and nervous sort, as one or two distinguished horses are, he would wilt under the strain of the novel environment and the absolutely strange conditions. But Papyrus will be most favoured by his kind and placid temperament, his average size, and his freedom from that grossness which in a healthy horse has to be met by hard galloping. That being so, we may reckon that he will prove to be an exceptionally good traveller (given decent weather), and that when he gets to Belmont Park he will rapidly brace up his muscles and come to a satisfactory state of fitness. I am not arguing that he will be as well as on Derby day or when he ran that game race for the St. Leger, to be beaten only by Tranquil, but I am confident that he will not be the hopeless wreck that many people believe.

Never has a horse travelled in such style. As I saw him led on board and then looked him over in his air-cushion lined box, measuring 15ft. by 15ft., I thought of other scenes I had looked on and participated in at these same Southampton Docks. But a great liner like the Aquitania was not concerned, and there are several worlds of difference between a horse which has been insured for something like £50,000, and a common or garden mule or even a draft horse for the guns or the transport in France. It was at those docks that I spent one memorable day in assisting in the landing from America of over a thousand mules. Air-cushioned stalls! Why, I was never so near to being gassed as during that day, passing in and out of the lower decks with their heavy ammonia-laden atmosphere in which the crowds of mules had stood for a fortnight or more on end. All this, however, by the way, and merely to point a moral and adorn a tale. But if Papyrus should come back a conqueror, then those who schemed for his comfort and let no detail go unthought of, will be abundantly rewarded.

The racing this week-end is at Newbury, and I have no doubt it will prove to be the most interesting and instructive we have had since Doncaster. On the first day (Friday) the card gets its strength from the Highclere Nursery of £1,250, and the Newbury Autumn Foal Plate. Gay Angela won in such fluent style at Doncaster that she might be still good enough to win the fit stake attached to the Nursery under 9st. 7lb., even though the weight is 12lb. more than the handicapper originally gave her. Gurzil at 8st. 13lb. is to be preferred to Glitter Gold at 9st., as being the more genuine, and of those lower in the handicap a note can be made of Skyflight (8st. 3lb.) and Gossoon (7st. 10lb.). Many are waiting for the latter after the significant way he was backed to beat Purple Shade at Manchester and the prominent show he gave. The Autumn Foal Plate is run over six furlongs, and the extra furlong would suit Obliterate, a good stayer and quite a good-class youngster. Hasty Catch cannot stay six

furlongs and her race at Doncaster showed that her limitations are defined. She is far too colossal of stature to be a high-class one. Arausio, a prepossessing colt by Sunstar, pleased many critics when out for the first time for the Champagne Stakes. He and Obliterate met at level weights then; in this Newbury race Arausio takes 14lb. from Sir Robert Jardine's colt. I should say Arausio has a big chance here, and in any case he gives one the idea that he will make a really admirable three year old. He is so ample of physique.

On Saturday there are the races for the Kingsclere Plate and the Autumn Cup. Those that have earned the extreme penalty, bringing their weight to 9st. 10lb., are Saltash, Bold and Bad and Ellangowan. I doubt whether any of the three will run. Parth too, it is understood, will be an absentee. It would have been interesting to see him performing again, for he did put up a prominent show in the St. Leger for a mile and a half. Then at the finish he snuffed out to nothing. Twelve Pointer might run, if no worse for his long journeys to and from Ayr and his capture of the Scottish Derby last week. Apron is a much talked about horse at the moment, but not in connection with this race. He has been earmarked, it would seem, to win the Cesarewitch. Meanwhile, however, he is very likely to appear on this same afternoon at Newbury, and they do say that he is just as good to win the Cup as Diligence was to win the Summer Cup. Light-house is a nice three year old. I noticed him in the paddock at Doncaster just before the St. Leger, but they would not run him on account of the hard state of the ground. On the balance of the form I fancy Twelve Pointer may be good enough. His owner, the Duke of Westminster, is practically giving up ownership on the Turf. He has always had but the minimum of interest in racing, and it is only reasonable to suppose that he has maintained the stud at Eaton because of its traditions. It is said that in future he will only keep one or two horses in training. Before long the one or two will dwindle to none at all. He is not keen enough even to come to a big race meeting, and no more explanation is required than that. It is a pity when a name so well known drops out.

If Apron be half as good as his owner, Sir Abe Bailey, and trainer, R. Day, believe him to be, then he will win the Newbury Autumn Cup this week end. His weight is no more than 7st. 2lb., and he should make certain again of beating Flint Jack. El Obeid will not run, as she returned coughing from Doncaster. I formed a considerable opinion of London Cry when he won the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester. Personally, I prefer him more for the Cesarewitch than for this Newbury race, in which he meets Juniso on 1st. 2lb. worse terms. Apron, too, has an advantage with him. I pause at the name of Bhuidhaonach, which so easily won the Manchester Cup in the summer. I am told he is certain to run at Newbury, but then he has to give Apron 24lb. over two miles and a furlong and I much doubt his ability to do so. Apron, I think, will win to-day, but in any case we shall then have rather a clearer vision of the Cesarewitch.

Of course, if Apron should win the Newbury race in good style, then he might very easily be something exceptional as a Cesarewitch proposition. Those who saw Ceylonese very easily get the better of Light Dragoon at 10lb. for the Rufford Abbey Plate at Doncaster, find it most difficult to believe that Sir Abe Bailey can have a better candidate in Apron. I know most owners would be highly satisfied with their chances had they such a representative with the credentials of Ceylonese. After all, we do know something very tangible about him. He stays and will get the course. As a three year old he was third last year to Light Dragoon and Villager. Apparently, therefore, his owner is in the position of being able to win with either. But then we are a long way from the race, a long time, that is, when you bear in mind the strain of the training, the risks of unsoundness occurring, and such like terrors for owners and trainers. All we know is that Apron has been supported to win a big stake, and one cannot doubt that the inspiration has come from the only man entitled to put such a movement in progress.

Meanwhile, the Cambridgeshire has attracted far more attention than usual at this distance of time from the race, by reason of the short price to which the French champion three year old Epinard has been backed. We are given to suppose that the French folk are confident that he will set up a new record by winning under 9st. 2lb. It was a record he created at Goodwood when he won the Stewards Cup under 8st. 6lb., a weight never before carried to victory by a three year old. I shall believe in him as winning this Cambridgeshire under 9st. 2lb. when I see it actually happen. Yet he has been backed for a tremendous lot of money, chiefly emanating from France. The supply cannot be inexhaustible and, therefore, I do not expect Epinard to come to a much shorter price between now and the race. Two heavily backed horses that won the Cambridgeshire were Ballantrae and Polymelus, the latter actually starting at 11 to 10 against, but then they were English horses. Ballantrae was a three year old that won under 6st. 8lb. (not 9st. 2lb.), and Polymelus was the best horse that has won the Cambridgeshire for many years past. He was a four year old, and carried 8st. 10lb., a weight that was inclusive of a 10lb. penalty for winning the Duke of York Stakes.

PHILIPPOS

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE SHAWFORD HOUSE SALE

MRS. ALFRED MORRISON, having, as was announced in COUNTRY LIFE of August 11th, placed Shawford House, Winchester, in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for sale, the auction has been appointed for Tuesday, October 9th, at Hanover Square. This charming house of the time of Charles II was described in illustrated special articles in these columns in the issues of August 7th and 14th, 1920 (pages 172 and 212), and a fairly full reference was made to it on August 11th last in the Estate Market page. It is a house with a long history and a fascinating personal record. The area of the estate is 90 acres, and there is trout fishing in the Itchen for a mile and a half. Shawford House is, of course, convenient for the meets of a number of packs of hounds, being only four miles from Winchester.

At Horley, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley offered Ferncourt Farm and Thorns Field, the property of Christ's Hospital; the former, 87 acres, realising £3,810, and the latter, 10 acres, £2,100.

A total of £16,100 was obtained for 344 acres of the remaining lots of the Swaylands estate, Penshurst, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Farms and woods made from £40 to £60 an acre, and the high prices included £140 an acre for 10 acres and £100 an acre for another lot of 14 acres.

Next Friday, at Hanover Square, Baldhorns Park, a gabled house with farm buildings and 160 acres, half a mile from Ruislip and four miles from Horsham, on the Surrey and Sussex border, is to be sold on behalf of the late Mr. G. C. Knight's executors.

The Perthshire estate of 4,000 acres, Kinloch, is coming under the hammer in Hanover Square on October 17th. The house is partly of the seventeenth century, enlarged about 1850 and again enlarged and greatly improved in 1881. The average bag of grouse is 1,200, and in 1912 the remarkable result of the season's shooting totalled 2,141 brace. Pheasants have not been reared since 1913, but there are good coverts. Full details of the game bags are set forth in the illustrated particulars. The trout fishing in the Braan is first-rate. The vendors are trustees of the late Mr. George Bulloch.

Châteaux and villas on the French and Italian Rivieras for sale or seasonal tenancy by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley include the residence of the late Sir Ernest Cassel at Cap Ferrat, the château at San Remo where the Peace Conference was held, Mr. Kenneth M. Clark's villa on Cap Martin, a château at the foothills of the Maritime Alps once occupied by Napoleon, the late Lord Saville's villa at Cannes, Lord Egerton's villa at Roquebrune, the château at Cannes built by Lord Brougham in 1834, Sir Arthur du Cros' villa at Cap Ferrat, and the late Lord Rendel's château at Cannes.

LEEDS CASTLE, KENT.

LEEDS CASTLE is to be let partly furnished, for a term not exceeding thirty-five years, through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., with the shooting over 3,200 acres, if desired. The castle was described and illustrated in special articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. 1, page 434; and Vol. XXXIV, pages 806 and 856). It is at Hollingbourne, on the main road from London to Folkestone, six miles from Maidstone, in the midst of a park of 320 acres. Finished in the reign of Richard I, the castle became a Royal abode under Edward I, and continued thus until that of Edward VI. Froissart stayed there in the time of Richard II, and Sigismund, "Emperor of Almayne," made a halt there on his way home after visiting Henry V. Large sums were spent on the castle by Henry VIII. It was granted by Edward VI to Sir Anthony St. Leger of Ulcombe, ancestor of the Dukes of Rutland and Leeds. Later, Sir Thomas Colepeper bought it. Leeds Castle was materially altered in Georgian days, and the residence practically rebuilt just over 100 years ago, in harmony with the ancient surroundings, and the place to-day is one of great beauty, with an added charm from the placid waters of the moat. The suggestion is now made that it may be suitable for scholastic or institutional purposes. If it is to be so used, the obviously appropriate thing would be a girls' school, if at all, for it has a wealth of queenly tradition, having belonged to Queen Eleanor, Queen Margaret, and the queens of

Edward II, Henry IV and Henry VI, and it was visited by Anne Boleyn and other wives of Henry VIII.

Hensol Castle, with 1,100 acres, was withdrawn at Cardiff on Monday by Messrs. Stephenson and Alexander, the highest bid being £46,000.

LORD PORTMAN'S SALES.

"THE most picturesque of its kind," as Sir Frederick Treves, in "Highways and Byways in Dorset," styled Manor or West Farm, Hammom, has been privately sold since the auction of the Portman settled estates, held at Sturminster, by Messrs. Powell and Co. All but two or three of the forty-two lots have changed hands either before, at, or after the auction, and the total realisations exceed £110,000. Among the principal prices obtained were £5,420 for Bere Marsh Farm, Shillingstone; £6,700 for Northwood Farm and £4,450 for Connegar Farm, both in Manston; £5,330 for Cribhouse Farm, £3,620 for Hiscocks Farm, £4,370 for Hayters Farm, and £6,330 for Thornton Farm, all in Marnhull. The prices include timber.

Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. had a remarkably successful sale, for Mr. G. A. Berney, of the Hockering estate, near East Dereham, at Norwich. The estate was divided into fifty-three lots and, with the exception of two farms and a few cottages retained to go with them, the whole was sold, over £30,000 being realised. The most notable lot was Hockering Wood, 222 acres, which was sold under the hammer to Messrs. Chappell of Ilfracombe for £12,250.

STOWELL PARK FARMS.

THE HON. SAMUEL VESTEY has purchased additional land on the Stowell Park estate since the transaction announced in COUNTRY LIFE a week ago. He now holds, besides the mansion and 2,370 acres, Church Farm, Yanworth, 710 acres, the price of the latter being £5,250, and £475 for the timber. All but one of the remaining lots found buyers at the auction held by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co.

Professor Somerville of Oxford University, with whom at various times the writer has been privileged to inspect the woods on many a great estate, bought the grand old Elizabethan manor house, Compton Casey, and 908 acres, for £8,750, plus £3,128 for the timber. It was the fourth of twenty-eight lots left over for auction at Cirencester, embracing in all 4,000 acres, and the aggregate realisations under the hammer amounted to over £43,026.

Brand Lodge, Malvern, an "Ernest Newton" house with 20 acres, on the south-west slope of the Malvern Hills, described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, August 7th, 1920, has been sold by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co.; and properties recently dealt with by them include Marston, Pembridge, Herefordshire, 71 acres.

SALES AND LETTINGS.

GRATWICKE, at Billingshurst, an old-fashioned freehold of 19 acres, has been disposed of by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. King and Chasmore. Small holdings and sites at Burstow, Horley, and a modern freehold at Sidcup, called The Towers, have changed hands through Messrs. Bowerman and Gould.

Briscoe, a house and 65 acres, on the Devon border of Somerset, two miles from Wellington, has been sold at Taunton for £5,000, by Messrs. W. R. J. Greenslade and Co., with an additional payment of £130 for timber.

Upper Manor, Ashmansworth, a residential, sporting and farming estate of just over 500 acres, has been sold, and the Manor House, in the same parish, has been let on a long lease, by Messrs. Thake and Paginton, who have sold The Rectory at Crux Easton; leased Sydling Court, a seventeenth century house at Dorchester; and effected the sale of a number of houses in or near Newbury.

Sometimes negotiations in advance of an auction reduce the formalities under the hammer to negligible dimensions, and there is usually some disposition to treat for lots after a withdrawal; but Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock appear to have had a rather uncommon experience in the submission of the Bilton Hall

estate, near Rugby. There was practically nothing sold in public competition, but immediately afterwards sales of various lots were arranged, for a total of between £5,500 and £6,000, only a few lots remaining, among them 16 acres and 20 acres.

Many sales in advance of auctions are included in a list of transactions in Kent and Sussex for over £150,000, sent by Messrs. Geering and Colyer. Among the properties are Budds, Wittersham, a small mansion with 195 acres; Woodside, Peasmash, a Georgian residence with 55 acres; Oaklands, Smarden, 182 acres; Chantry Place, Marden; Halden House, High Halden, 39 acres; Wissenden, Betersden, 94 acres; Mill View, St. Michael's, 25 acres; Lindridge Place Farm, Lamberhurst, 40 acres; Wenban's Farm, Wadhurst, with Elizabethan residence; Hales Place, High Halden, 81 acres; Nine Chimneys, Challock, 123 acres; Bilham Farm, Mersham, 147 acres; The Gibbet, Tenterden, 120 acres; Cole Barn Farm, Benenden, 70 acres; Sperban Farm, Wittersham, 35 acres; Elm Farm, Pett, 99 acres; Redbrook Farm, Woodchurch, 66 acres; Eastside Farm, East Langdon, 49 acres; and Freight Farm, Flimwell, 128 acres.

North Devon property, Little Bray, an old-fashioned house and 134 acres, ten miles from Barnstaple and twelve from Lynton, with one and a half miles of trout fishing in the River Bray, has been sold for £4,850 by Messrs. Goddard and Smith, on behalf of the late Mr. W. Singleton Hooper's executors.

Sir Leonard Powell has sold Highfield, Great Cheverell, Devizes, through Messrs. Norfolk and Prior.

Sales of houses in Kensington and Chelsea for, roundly, £150,000, and purchases of flats in the same districts for over £100,000, are notified by Messrs. Knight and Co.

Town houses sold by Messrs. Collins and Collins include No. 110, Gloucester Place, Portman Square; No. 6, Upper Grosvenor Street, between Grosvenor Square and Park Lane; and a modern house in Mount Street, near Hyde Park.

Pipers Field, Weekes, a property built by His Honour the late Judge Gye, standing in charming grounds, has just been sold privately by Messrs. Harding and Harding.

Messrs. Dibbin and Smith have sold Wield Manor, Alresford, 250 acres.

BUILDING LAND IN DEMAND.

NEXT Thursday, Messrs. Fox and Sons will offer about 100 sites on Carbery estate, Southbourne, and they have just sold nearly sixty sites for £17,550 on the Eastwood estate, being the sixth consecutive auction of similar building land at which every lot has been disposed of. The Bournemouth firm's sales in four weeks recently exceeded £80,000, including Marybourne, Manor Road; Grasmere, Keswick Road; The Bury, Branksome Avenue; Whinfield, St. Albans' Avenue; 16, Richmond Park Road; and 30, Marlborough Road; also Garth Carbery, Southbourne, all residences of the highest class and typical of the luxurious homes to be found in Bournemouth. A large number of smaller houses were also sold.

The executors of the late Sir Augustus Webster of Battle Abbey have instructed Messrs. Hampton and Sons to sell at an early date the Bexhill portion of this estate. The property to be sold extends to nearly 1,000 acres, including farms, small holdings and marshes. A portion lies on the ridge above Bexhill, commanding views across Pevensey Bay and abutting on Cooden Beach golf course.

Messrs. Norfolk and Prior have disposed of the freehold residential property known as Hazeldene, Horeham Road, Sussex, 15 acres.

Among the landed estates recently disposed of by Messrs. Collins and Collins is Shephalbury, near Stevenage. The mansion home farm and about 70 acres has been let or leased, and all the farms have been sold to the tenants, namely, Shephall Farm, 480 acres; Broom Barns Farm, 124 acres; Wymondley Hall and Bury Farms, 407 acres; Priory Farm, 401 acres; Graveley Hall Farm, 356 acres; Aston End Farm, 213 acres; Poplars Farm, Aston, 61 acres; and land at Titmore Green, 22 acres, the whole extending to 2,000 acres. Messrs. Collins and Collins have been instructed to offer the remaining portion, including building sites, at Stevenage at an early date.

ARBITER.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

THE LATE MARQUESS OF RIPON.

THAT the Marquess of Ripon was the finest shot of his generation has been stated so often and backed by such abundant proof that it has become one of the accepted canons of game shooting. To do a thing well is to gain high gratification, but to do it better than anyone else in the world is to assume a heavy burden as well as to probe satisfaction to its greatest depths. Scope for the cultivation of such skill, as Earl de Grey—to use the name by which we best knew him—possessed, was strictly limited to the period of his career as a shot. The gun reached its zenith of excellence and handiness while he was yet young; smokeless powder cleared away the pall of smoke which hampered the work of earlier shots; while improvements in the rearing and handling of game ensured a plenteousness of targets such as had never before existed. Driving brought the game to the gun; it supplied an entirely different problem in marksmanship from that of the walked-up bird, and one vastly more difficult. Whereas thousands of sportsmen previously shot under more or less the same conditions, the change meant that only a few hundreds could be accorded the wealth of opportunity which conduces to skill of the highest order in driven game. Out of these hundreds there could never be more than a few dozens in possession of the gifts and attainments needful to place them in the highest rank of all. When the prowess of these champions became known, their attendance was eagerly sought on great occasions, with the result that their skill received opportunity for further development, and so gradually one began to identify those in the final dozen, or near it. To enumerate those at the very top of the shooting tree would necessitate the discussion of about fifty names, yet never was there any question as to who occupied the topmost branch. It was always Earl de Grey, whose physique could stand the buffet of countless rounds, who would undergo rigorous drill on the lawn beforehand with his two loaders and three guns, whose lightning speed of alignment was never hustled to the extent of that fraction of a second which spoils the result, whose eye could pick out the birds in the best order for shooting, and whose skill continued relentlessly throughout the flush. These and other circumstances made him the man who possessed all the equipment, inherent and acquired, needed for shooting. He could work his faculties at the highest pitch without getting stale, and undoubtedly directed his efforts to a system which might well be described as theory but for the bastard meaning usually associated with the word. Just as the conditions which provided his opportunity grew into being during his own adolescence, so they reached their climax during his middle life of greatest vigour; and alas! their decadence—we hope only temporary—synchronised with the passing of his own meridian.

AGRICULTURE AND GAME.

That the farmers of Britain are placing clearly before the Government the necessity of withdrawing further large areas from cultivation is no more than a natural sequence of market prices being at a lower level than home costs of production can profitably reach. From the point of view of shooting there is no greater evil than the steady reversion of ploughland to pasture. Widely as the truth is recognised that cultivation and game go together, no very precise explanation has been provided. Corn lying scattered on the autumn stubbles is but a tithe of the benefit conferred, since it lasts little longer than a tenth of the year. The mere exposure of bare earth is, in certain conditions, a positive evil,

since the soil adheres to the feet of young birds and, in extreme cases, wholly destroys their power of walking. In various ways pastureland, according as the season is very wet or very dry, is preferable both to sodden or baked earth. Nevertheless and indubitably, the greater balance of advantage lies with cultivated areas. Especially has this been true of late years, when the extremes

of very heavy and very light land are no longer worked. The stirring influence of the plough facilitates scratching and the consequent unearthing of insect food. It encourages the growth of seed-producing weeds such as can find no footing in well matted turf. In summer the corn offers undisturbed shelter and roaming space, being immune from the early cutting which renders haymaking so deadly a process. In autumn the root fields continue the benefit, while in winter the staple diet of luscious green food is comparatively abundant. Shooting men who control estates have always rendered every aid their finances would permit to the farmer who tills the earth; but, as their partnership has of late years largely disappeared, the present concurrence of low prices and high costs engenders a crisis which the farmer must face without a friend. There can be no doubt that the marked difference in game productiveness as between meadow and arable land is greatly emphasised by the fact that preservation concentrates on the more favoured areas; hence, where grass country prevails there are fewer keepers, vermin runs riot and, in the nature of things, hunting receives premier consideration.

CARTRIDGE PRESSURE.

One or two enquiries have been addressed to me lately

as to whether I can confirm or disprove the alleged experience that cartridges this season have been giving an unusually high pressure, the effect being that previously sound guns are found to have gone shaky. One batch I have already tested, while others have been received for the same treatment. And here comes in the difficulty of applying past experience to the records obtained. In times gone by I have written learnedly on the advantages of a pressure as high as 3 tons on the square inch, have passed $3\frac{1}{4}$ tons as the top limit, have criticised $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons as unduly high, 4 tons as actively harmful, $4\frac{1}{2}$ as almost certain to strain gun fastenings, and 5 tons as very bad. However, in the year 1918 an immense number of experiments had made clear that what we called a 3-ton pressure was in reality but 85 per cent. of that amount; further, our proof authorities were constantly embarrassed when comparing British results with those obtained abroad, where a truer system of computation prevailed. Inconvenient as a change was bound to prove, a new table of translations was adopted in the year named, the following figures illustrating the alterations officially authorised:

What we called 1.50 tons became 1.26 tons.

"	"	"	1.75	"	"	1.49	"
"	"	"	2.00	"	"	1.70	"
"	"	"	2.25	"	"	1.92	"
"	"	"	2.50	"	"	2.14	"
"	"	"	2.75	"	"	2.35	"
"	"	"	3.00	"	"	2.55	(standard)
"	"	"	3.25	"	"	2.76	(top limit)
"	"	"	3.50	"	"	2.98	(high)
"	"	"	3.75	"	"	3.20	"
"	"	"	4.00	"	"	3.41	(harmful)
"	"	"	4.25	"	"	3.62	"
"	"	"	4.50	"	"	3.83	(bad)
"	"	"	4.75	"	"	4.04	"
"	"	"	5.00	"	"	4.25	(very bad)



W. A. Rouch.
THE LATE MARQUESS OF RIPON AT STUDLEY ROYAL, 1901.

So strong is the habit of past thinking that hardly anyone can accustom himself to treat a pressure of $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons as on the top limit. Again, if I get to-day values of, say, 3.40 tons, neither I nor anyone else can realise without effort that it is four tons by the old way of thinking.

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES.

The manufacturer is always between the devil and the deep sea in regulating the strength of smokeless powder, the sportsman favouring the sharp, active crack which suggests quickness. Production is most active in the summer, hence, if the weather is hot and dry, powder of apparent violence has to be approved on the assumption that when it goes to Scotland or takes up its quantum of autumn moisture it will be just right; likewise, if the summer is wet and cold the results then obtained must approximate to those required in the shooting season. In practice, there seems to be a tendency for powders to be weak following a hot summer and strong following an unseasonable period—this, no doubt, because the personal judgment exercised cannot fully visualise the change, or lack of change, that will come about. Whether or not the cases of reported strength have foundation, sportsmen will do well to avoid storing their cartridges in hot living-rooms during the ensuing months; they should also get in stocks some distance ahead of requirements, so as, by wise storage, to counteract the effect of any undue drying the powder may have received in its previous abode. Guns should be occasionally examined, because, if a shake develops, immediate correction is better than to allow the hammering action to injure surfaces which should be in binding contact. When testing an action for shake, the fore-end should be removed and the gun be sharply rocked from the butt end; or, alternatively, the butt may be gently thumped with the closed fist. A lot of people pay no regard to a shaky gun, even when daylight can be seen through the breech, but gunmakers are in no doubt as to the urgency of repairs. Danger does not begin until the breech shows a wide crevice, yet everyone should take warning from the fact that a door banging in the wind soon shakes itself to pieces.

AN EVENING DUCK FLIGHT.

I have often called attention in these notes to the many neglected bits of shooting which practically every piece of open country offers to those who are alert to notice what is going on. The accompanying picture supplies a case in point. Back in August I was staying near this delectable spot, and now and again would go out after dinner in the hope of stealing unawares on the otters which frequent this reach, also gaining pleasure and instruction from watching the wildfowl which feed among the raft-like masses of weed in mid-stream. As twilight merged into darkness, odd parties of duck passed overhead, following the course of the stream in a definite line of flight. My discovery having been duly reported, two of us went out on the following evening and, although an unusual disturbance had somewhat diverted the line, we nevertheless enjoyed some pretty sport, bringing home eight fat mallard as reward for our enterprise. As the season advances, results, in spite of help from

migrants, are naturally on a smaller scale, but there is compensation in noting the eerie sounds of approaching darkness and the habits of creatures which shun publicity during daylight hours.

WELL TIMED SHOTS NEED NO CHOKE.

A sportsman, no doubt of local celebrity, was recently brought down to my experimental ground by a friend for the purpose of a mild initiation into the processes of cartridge testing. He naturally took advantage of his presence on the spot to go the round of the adjoining shooting school, trying his hand at the variety of marks there on offer. In walking through the ground covert where clays are released with bewildering frequency he immediately proved himself a master of the art of shooting; standing under the medium high tower, he was equally proficient; while, as regards the difficulties presented by driven partridges, they simply did not exist for him. The left-approaching grouse discovered his only weak spot. Possibly he was the best exponent who has visited the place for quite a long while, his timing of shots being, perhaps, the most outstanding feature of his skill. The cartridges he was using gave the following pellets in the 30in. circle at 40yds.: 81, 74, 103, 85, 101, 95, 70, 105; and at 30yds.: 157, 162, 174, 162, 157. What does it all mean? The answer is that he uses a Woodward 16-bore, and by some freak of wisdom has no choke in either barrel. More generally in these lesser calibre sizes a good deal of muzzle constriction is used in order to secure results com-



A FAVOURED FLIGHT-LINE OF DUCKS.

parable with the twelve *inside* the circle, the rest of the pattern, if there is any, being left to look after itself. At 30yds. the pellets on the target were as close as anyone would like to see them, while at 20yds. my newly introduced friend expressed concern for the condition of birds which might happen to get into the centre. My dictum was, "If all 16-bores had been bored like this one, they would be vastly more popular than anyone can assert they are to-day." Apparently, the hero of this note is a gentleman farmer who keeps hand and eye in trim carrying a gun during his rounds. He is, naturally, much in demand throughout the district where he resides.

LAWN TENNIS: HOW TO BEAT MR. JOHNSTON

THE most important lawn tennis news of the last few days is that Mr. Tilden beat Mr. Johnston in the final of the American Championship, and not only beat him but beat him without the loss of a set and without having to play vantage games in any of the three sets he won. How can any man treat the Johnston we saw win at Wimbledon in this summary way? Mr. Johnston's method of winning points is very simple; he drives very hard, low and deep, and when he has worked his opponent into what he considers a sufficiently disadvantageous position, he moves into the net and finishes off the rally with a volley which, to a volleyer of his skill, is easy. As he possesses, also, the eye to hit the ball accurately on the rise, and therefore early, he obtains the position he wants in few strokes, for the hit on the rise leaves his opponent little time to reach the fast travelling ball and leaves himself relatively near the net for the run-in. Mr. Johnston can vary his game; one remembers subtle drops and cut backhanded drives that were directed sharply across the court. It was seldom at Wimbledon that he was pressed; but it was noticeable that when, for a time, it was desirable that he should win a game, he stuck to his characteristic method and eschewed the variations. He kept these last for ornaments when he had a match in hand; he seemed to be master of them; but when he showed us most of them—in his third set against Mr. Norton—the games for a

time went against him. One inferred that if he were hard put to it he would hold at all costs to his staple method; and one gathers from Mr. Wallis Myers' account of his defeat in the American Championship that these were his tactics against Mr. Tilden. Theoretically, it is also quite simple to beat Mr. Johnston. All his opponent has to do is to keep on returning the drive deep. Marvellous as Mr. Johnston's eye is, the stroke that he asks himself for demands such niceness of touch and allows him to short a sight of the ball that sooner or later—sooner than defensive base-line players—he must either break down himself or hit so short that his opponent gets position. The only difficulty is practical: Mr. Johnston has a way of finding a ball that he can kill before the wearing-down process is complete. At Wimbledon, in the Championships of 1920, Mr. Parke, the swiftooted, did beat him by keeping the rallies going too long for him. It was a general comment, among those of us who had not seen Mr. Johnston play before, that his method was magnificent but not lawn tennis—not lawn tennis because it was too costly in points given away. To see him play against the Frenchmen at Eastbourne was to reconsider that opinion; and at Wimbledon this year his play suggested that he had mastered the rising drive so thoroughly that it did not much matter what tactics were employed against him. He was thrice armed because he was pretty sure "to get his blow in first."

, 1923.

is con-
darkness
ring dy-

recently
l for the
cartridge
e on the
ol, trying
walking
bewilder-
er of the
r, he was
presented
um. The
Possibly
or quite
most out-
sing gave

74, 103,
162, 157.
Woodward
in either
good deal
ults com-

pattern,
yds. the
ke to see
expressed
on to get
had been
ular than
hero of
e in trim
y, much

TON

hard put
and one
the Ameri-
r. Tilden
ohnston.
ive deep.
he as is
s him so
an defend
himself or
difficult y
l that e
lete. At
he swit-
long for
who had
magni-
was too
e French
and at
mastered
ter what
e armed